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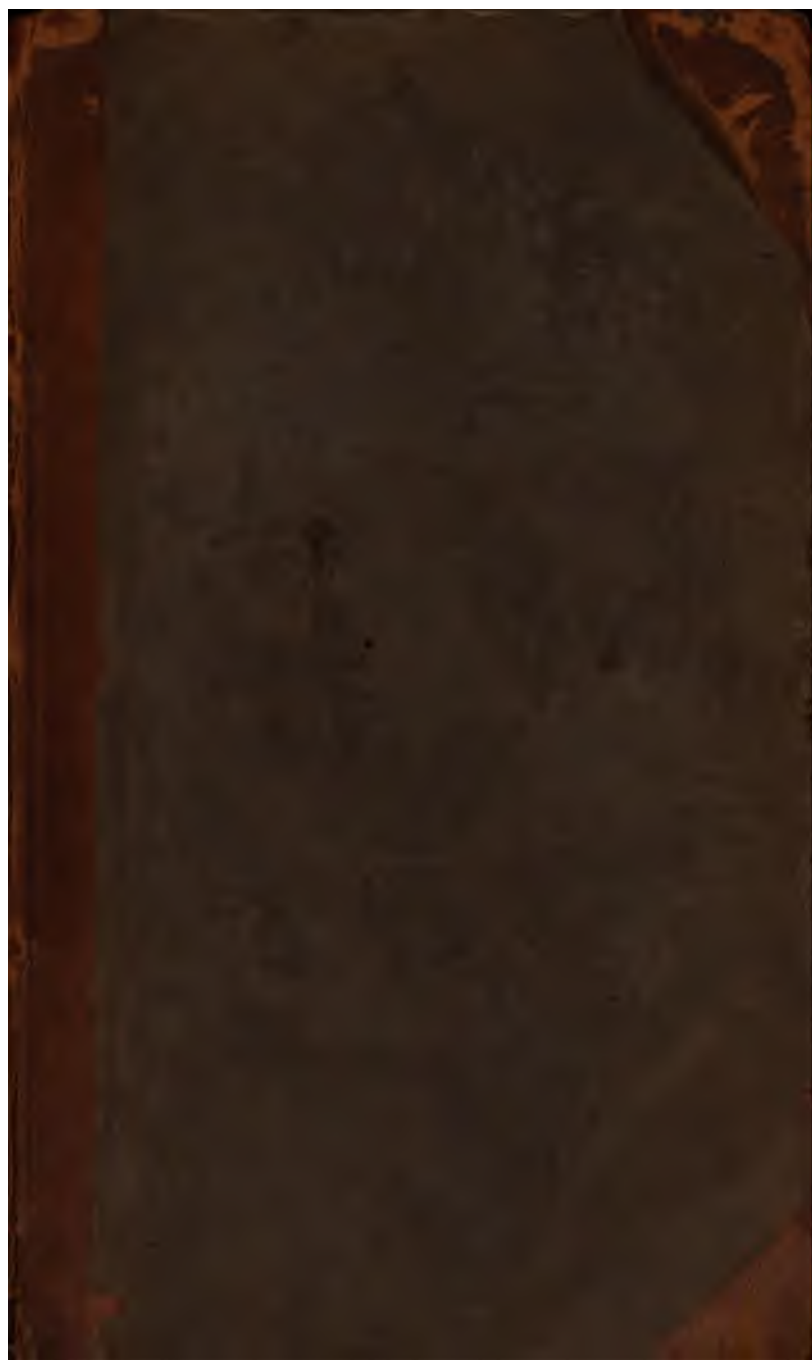
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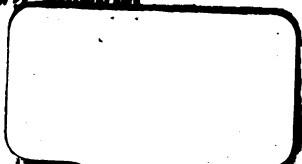
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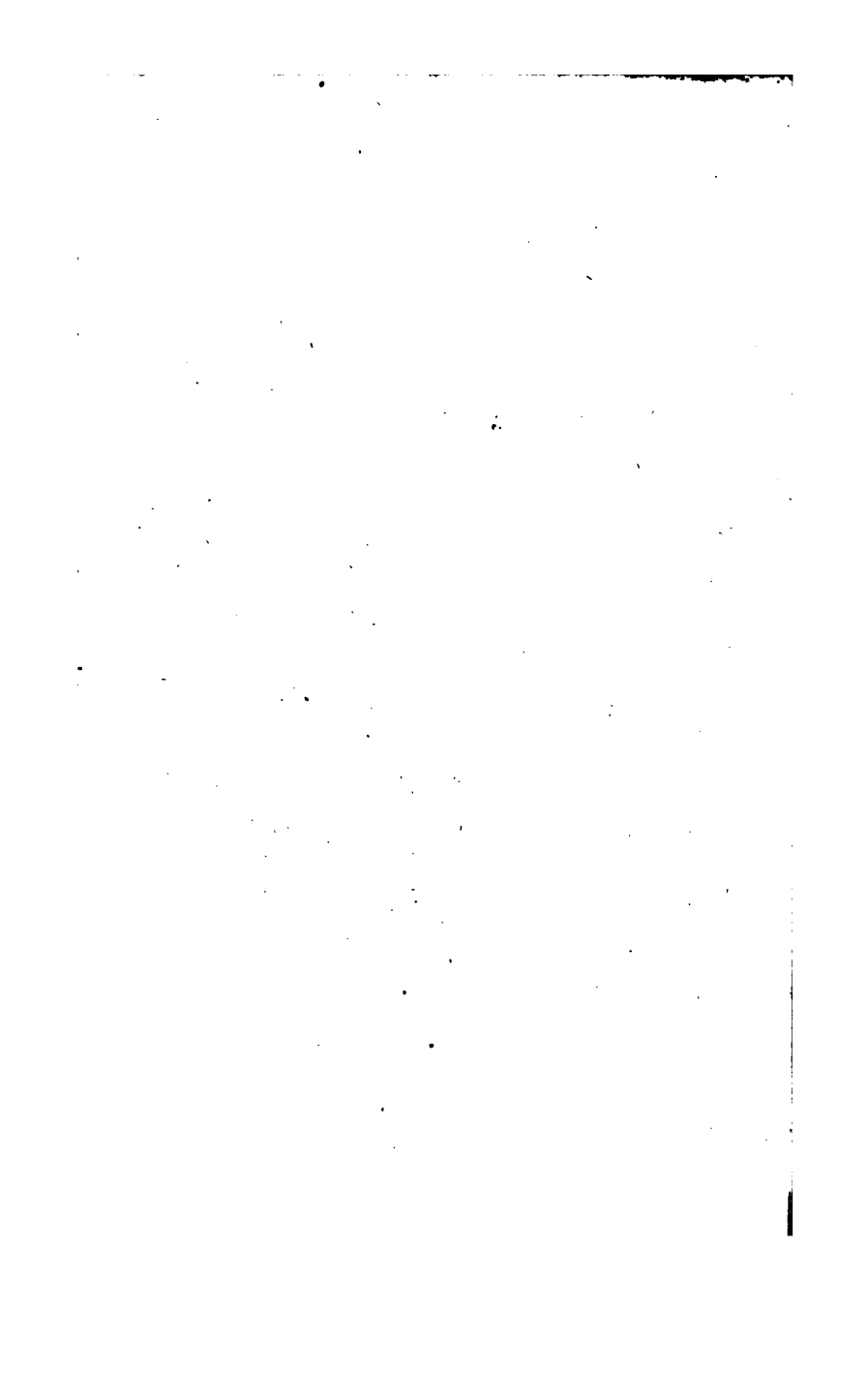
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# THE METROPOLIS.

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THE  
METROPOLIS;

OR,

A CURE FOR GAMING.

Interspersed with

ANECDOTES OF LIVING CHARACTERS IN HIGH LIFE.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

BY

CERVANTES HOGG, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

THE RISING SUN, THE SETTING SUN, &c. &c.

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How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of we three? -

Now, Mercury, endue thee with pleasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.

Clown, *Twelfth Night*.

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VOL. I.

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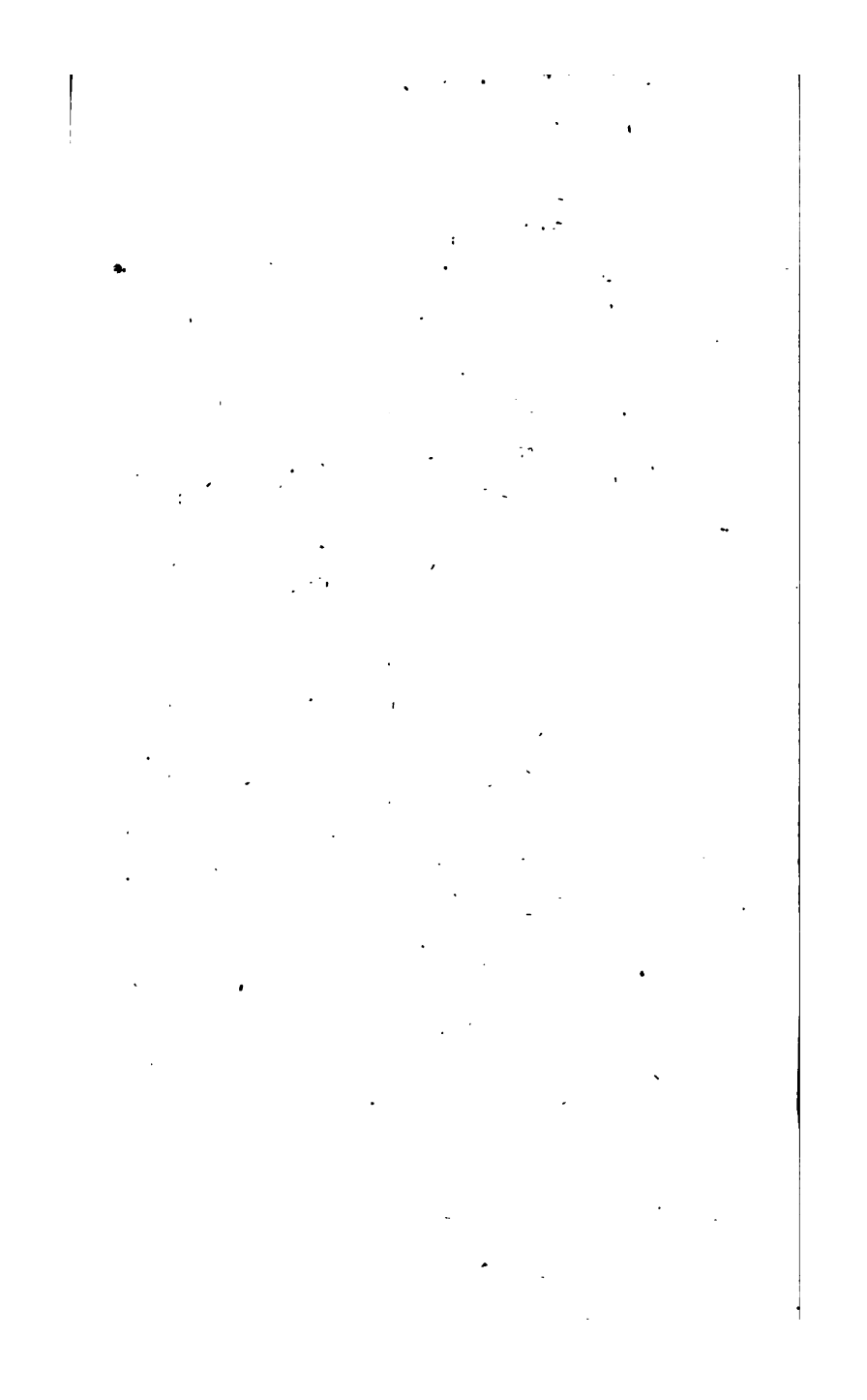
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# THE METROPOLIS.

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## CHAP. I.

*Sage Advice of a Father to a Son, on leaving the Country for London—A Love Affair, and an Affair of Honour with a Box-lobby Lounge.*

“MY dear child,” said the Reverend Mr. Bonnycastle to his son Brian, on the eve of his setting out from a remote part of Devonshire, on a journey to London, “you are now going to visit either the best or the worst city in the universe, according to the use which you may make of your time, or of the acquaintance

which you may form in it. Business must be your chief aim, which will keep you from destructive idleness; and you must choose for the amusement of your vacant hours, only such companions as possess a more than common share of understanding. Do not suffer yourself to be flattered by the common-place offers of friendship, nor implicitly believe mankind, when they promise to serve you; but carefully conceal your distrust of their offers and promises, and place all your reliance on yourself. The profligate, the vicious, and the foolish, are, I am sorry to say it, by far the greater number of the inhabitants of the vast metropolis; and your chief care must be, to shun these, as baneful to your future happiness. To associate with profligates, threatens a disgraceful career, and, most  
4 probably,

probably, a still more ignominious end; to be the companion of the vicious, will destroy the most essential part of man—*his character*; and to herd with fools, is a disgrace to your understanding, and levels you almost with the brute creation. Pleasure will lure you to one side, and prudence will beckon you to the other: let your choice be like that of Hercules. The mad, senseless, riotous pleasures of this age, are merely intoxications; and all the actors in such depraved scenes, close their parts in beggary, in loathsome disease, or by infamous punishment. Stick to business, and that will stick by you, to your latest hour.”

The reverend admonisher was vicar of a small living on the borders of Dartmoor, of the annual value of about ninety pounds, which was but a trifling pittance

for a family of seven children. A rich merchant, a Mr. Hewson, of St. Mary-Axe, London, an old acquaintance of the vicar, had offered to ease him of part of his heavy family, by taking Brian, the eldest son, into his counting-house, which offer of disinterested friendship Mr. Bonnycastle had joyfully accepted; and the foregoing words were his last advice to his son, on his taking leave of him. They had made so proper an impression on Brian, that, during a year after his arrival in London, Mr. Hewson was extremely satisfied with his integrity, skill, and attention. The accounts which he transmitted to his friend the vicar, of his son's conduct, drew from the fond parent the most heartfelt congratulations to his son, which incited him to new efforts, to give increasing satisfaction to his worthy employer.

player. How irksome it is to the eye, to behold the fairest fruits prematurely blighted, is well known to the feeling mind!

Another year passed on in the same manner, and Mr. Hewson wrote to the vicar a letter, in which he expressed so much satisfaction at Brian's endeavours to serve him, that he declared, if he should persevere in the same line of conduct to the end of his clerkship, he should think it an indispensable duty to omit nothing in his power to make his future life happy and respectable.

Adversity now seemed to grow jealous of the reign of the favourite, and outstretched its long arm to pluck him from his elevated seat of happiness. Mr. Hewson's family consisted of a son, Mr. Edward Hewson (who had gone through

the routine of the counting-house at home, and was then abroad, for the double purpose of seeing the world, and forming a personal acquaintance with his father's correspondents), and of a daughter, Miss Charlotte Hewson, who was then about seventeen years of age, and too highly rated on the list of female excellence, to be looked at with impunity. There was a symmetry in her whole form, a gracefulness in her every motion, a regularity in her features, a brilliancy in her eyes, and a glow in her complexion, which, however, charmed not so much as her other and more durable attractions: she was possessed of a strong understanding, and a refined and polished taste; her voice, even in common conversation, touched the soul by its softness and melody; but, when she threw it out in unison

son with her piano-forte, the senses of the hearers were thrilled with rapture—"What a charming companion," said Brian to himself, with a deep sigh, "must she be to the man who is destined to be so happy as to make an impression on her heart! But fortune has debarred me from that happiness."

Brian had a very difficult part to play—he was fast noosed in that silken chain, which, however, is more difficult to rend asunder than an adamant one; his eyes, his actions, momentarily and involuntarily, betrayed his sensations, notwithstanding his apprehensions that they might discover more tenderness for the object of his affections than her father would approve of. The respectful, yet tender air, with which he accosted her, which were the effect of his love for the

daughter,



daughter, and fear of offending the father, the languor of his expressive eyes, and the softness of his voice, were quickly perceived by Miss Charlotte (as Nature seems to have instinctively taught the fair sex the meaning of these things, to put them upon their guard against the artifices of man), and her heart was touched by them, in a most forcible manner. She blushed whenever her eyes accidentally met his; she sighed, as she received with pleasure his continual attentions to her; but she was silent, through the idea that prudence would frown, on her making either acknowledgments or returns. In short, they were both ripened into love.

Mr. Hewson either did not observe the situation of the two lovers, or he was not displeased at it. He was more complacent

cent than ever, and even affectionate towards Brian, and gave him every opportunity of being alone with Charlotte: he would often propose, as a relaxation from the sedentary employment of a counting-house, an excursion, in which he would sometimes be a party, and at others would permit Brian to escort his daughter *alone*. Brian, however, had too much honour or timidity, to take any improper advantage of these opportunities, so favourable to declare and plead his passion, although there was nothing in Miss Charlotte's behaviour to discourage him. Their passions were in the state of a gun which is loaded, pointed, and cocked, and only waits for the slightest impulse of the trigger to make a report.

Although Mr. Hewson was a person of rather austere principles, even for the

eastern side of Temple-bar, yet he had no objection to theatrical exhibitions in general, but only to some particular dramas, which were notoriously licentious. One afternoon, when Brian had nearly closed a preceding week of heavy correspondence, Mr. Hewson, after having consulted the newspaper, and found that the drama which was to be exhibited on that night, was not one of those that he deemed objectionable, proposed to Brian to relax a little, and to accompany his daughter to Drury-lane theatre, leaving to himself the care of making up the packets for the mail. Brian required no persuasion to accede to so agreeable a proposal as that of attending Miss Charlotte, and they set off together, in a hackney-coach.

During the entertainment, Miss Charlotte

lotte had been much annoyed by two of those *box-lobby loungers*, who, being themselves devoid of every kind of relish for the mental part of the drama, seek only to annoy those who come to the theatre with very different feelings. They seated themselves sometimes in the same box, and at others in the next, always keeping close behind, or at the side of Miss Charlotte, as the theatre was not much thronged. Their conversation was so loud, as to annoy all those who were so unfortunate as to be near them ; and it consisted of impertinent and licentious remarks, and ribaldry, on some of the females present, with whom they either were, or boasted of being, in a state of scandalous intimacy.

Brian's bosom burned with indignation at the wounds which their language was

momentarily inflicting on the chaste ears of his fair companion, who, he well knew, could not help hearing what they said, although she pretended to be too deeply interested in the business of the stage. Brian was naturally good-natured, affable, and not apt to take offence ; but a slight offence to the object of a man's affections, is sufficient to stir the blood of even a poltroon. He was, however, far, very far from being of the white-livered class of mankind. As gentle as he naturally was, when not provoked beyond a certain measure, as much a lover as he was of the peaceable Christian doctrine, which his father had inculcated into him with the greatest pains, and which had not been in the least impaired by his abode under the orderly roof of Mr. Hewson, yet Nature had also implanted in his bosom the  
seeds

seeds of the utmost contempt of danger, where firmness and fortitude became necessary. He had hitherto imbibed no imaginary notions of false honour, but he had laid down certain fixed ideas of true honour, of which he could not tamely bear an infringement: among these, he looked upon a decorous and respectful behaviour towards the fair sex, as an indispensable duty of his own; and the two loungers had, for awhile, gone beyond those limits which he conceived to be pardonable, towards a young lady under his immediate protection. Often was he tempted to have given a check to their insolence, but he was unwilling to be himself the occasion of that disturbance to other orderly people, which he burned to chastise.

Immediately after the entertainment,

Brian

Brian handed Miss Charlotte into the lobby ; and had scarcely left her to call a coach, before the two loungers approached, stopped immediately before her, and stared her in the face. As she turned away to avoid their impertinent gaze, one of them raised the edge of her hat, and exclaimed—" A pretty cit, by *Gad* ! It is a pity that so much beauty should be confined to the smoky regions of the east end of the town. Will you be my *chère amie*, and exchange a shop for elegant apartments, and a hackney-coach for your own chariot ?"

This insolent action and language were interrupted by a blow, which felled the unmanly puppy to the ground, after making him reel to a distance of some paces. It was the hand of Brian which inflicted this chastisement : he had been suspicious

suspicious that Charlotte might suffer some farther annoyance from these intruders, and he had returned with the utmost expedition, and just in time to witness the rude action, although passion prevented him from distinctly hearing the words of the aggressor.

Brian had no sooner disengaged Charlotte from one of the authors of her terror and confusion, than he took her arm under his own, and was walking off without farther ceremony, when he was arrested by the companion of the fallen hero, who exclaimed—"Stop, Sir—the affair will not end here: my friend is a gentleman, a man of fortune and of spirit, and will expect satisfaction."

"Your friend is a scoundrel!" replied Brian—"and you know the old adage—*Birds of a feather*—If you pretend to give me any farther interruption, I will  
instantly



instantly inflict upon you a similar chastisement."

"It is easy to be seen," retorted the coxcomb, "that you are only a low-bred cit; but my friend will, for once, condescend to overlook the inequality of your condition, to teach you to meddle only with your equals in future."

The fallen hero had, by this time, recovered those few senses which Nature had bestowed upon him, and the use of his legs; and, hopping towards Brian, he demanded his address with a shake of his head, either occasioned by the violence of the blow, or intended to convey a menace.

"I have no card about me," replied Brian.

"Then pray let me have one of your or your master's *shop-bills*."

Brian was inflamed at the contempt with

with which this *inuendo* was conveyed, and going to the length of Charlotte's arm, but without quitting her hand, he drew near to the hero, and told him, in a low tone of voice, that if he did not wish to make an ostentatious display of his courage before the ladies, with a view to have a meeting, of which he pretended to be desirous, prevented, he would be satisfied with knowing that he would be at the Gloucester Coffee-house in Piccadilly, at eight o'clock the next morning, prepared to vindicate his conduct to any extremity.

"You must be prepared, Sir," said the hero, "to make me an apology as public as the indignity which you have put upon me, or——"

"Or what, Sir?"

"You must have pistols, and a second with you."

"Enough

"Enough for the present—I shall not fail you," said Brian; and turning about, he walked off, without any farther interruption.

Miss Charlotte's bosom, which had been, for some months before, disquieted on Brian's account, was now violently agitated, by mixed emotions of gratitude for the spirit with which he had repelled the insult offered to her, of admiration at the unusual dignity of his manner during the whole of the transaction, and of uneasiness at the probable consequences of it. She had not heard the appointment, but she dreaded that something to that effect had passed between them: her apprehensions made her forget the restraints which she had of late laboured under when in his company, and particularly when alone with him; as female modesty, when once rendered a captive, tries every mode  
to

to disguise its chains, until the concealment becomes too painful, or no longer necessary. Imagining that the present was an occasion which demanded an abatement of the extreme rigidity of decorum, she thanked him for his care of her, and praised his gallantry, in terms which her tongue would have been unable to utter at any other time. She expressed her fears that the affair was not yet over, and conjured him not to endanger his life, by deigning to take any further notice of persons who had shewn, by their ungentlemanlike conduct, that they were unworthy of it.

Brian declared, that the satisfaction which he felt at having punished an insult offered to her, was too proud a consideration to permit him to bestow a single thought on the consequences of it ;

it; and he was involuntarily drawn into those declarations of the warmest attachment, which would have afforded her the utmost satisfaction at any other time, but her joy was damped by his not positively assuring her that no meeting was intended. She pressed him in the strongest terms, to give her his word of honour, that he would not suffer himself to be drawn away by any ideas of false honour; and Brian promised *equivocally* to despise the objects of her terror, on condition that she would endeavour to compose her spirits, and not give her father reason to suspect that any disagreeable event had disturbed the evening's amusement. Charlotte contented, and Brian ratified the treaty with his lips upon her hand. Charlotte's face was crimsoned with this first liberty which he had ever taken with her;

her; but considering the occasion of it, the darkness which enveloped them, and that they were not exposed to the eyes of a third person, she thought proper not to take the least notice of it, not even so much as to withdraw her hand, which the happy Brian held in his till the coach brought them home.

Brian affected the utmost gaiety and cheerfulness during the time of supper, to lull the suspicions of Charlotte, who did not fail to observe him narrowly, but without deriving any cause for imagining that he intended to deceive her. He was, however, very far from being easy in his mind, as he could not leave the house that night, to seek for some person to accompany him, and to provide himself with pistols. These considerations kept him from closing his eyes during the whole

whole night, and rising soon after break of day, he left the house with as little noise as possible, as well to prevent interruption, as to make the necessary preparations for the rencounter. He hastened towards Piccadilly ; but as none of the shops were open at so early an hour, he entered St. James's Park, to stroll away the interval. Not the least idea of fear occupied his breast ; on the contrary, he thought himself so grossly offended in the person of Charlotte, that he burned to inflict a more severe chastisement on the rude aggressor, since he was not satisfied with the manual one which he had already received.

The time passed away so heavily, that it appeared to him the lapse of an age, before the clock at the Horse Guards struck seven. He then left the Park, but  
was

was chagrined at not finding any shops yet open. Strolling towards the place of rendezvous, he beheld a gentleman parading before the door, and imagining that he might be the bearer of some message to him from his antagonist, he advanced towards him. The gentleman saluted him with his hat, and looking at his watch, addressed him thus—"You are more than punctual, Sir; but as I do not see you accompanied by a friend, may I take the liberty of asking if you have not had time to provide yourself with one?"

"That is exactly my situation, Sir," replied Brian; "but, rather than not keep my appointment, I intend to go without one. I dared not to leave the house last night, for fear of exciting the suspicions of the lady who was with me, and who resides under the same roof, which



which might have led to disappointment."

"You acted perfectly right, Sir. I am a stranger to you, but that makes very little difference between men of honour, in similar cases. I perfectly understand the etiquette, and shall be happy to be permitted to act as your friend."

"Are you not a friend to the other party, Sir?" said Brian.

"No, Sir; I have only a slight, a coffee-house acquaintance with them; but, if I had been upon a more intimate footing, that circumstance would not prevent me from seeing as much justice done to yourself, as if you were my brother."

"Pray, Sir, give me leave to ask how you became acquainted with this intended meeting?"

"Why, Sir, I was at the theatre last night,

night, and witnessed the misconduct of your antagonist, as well as your very proper resentment of it. I likewise heard the challenge given, and accepted; and judging that it might be with you as I now find it to be the case, I came hither on purpose to prevent your being taken unprovided. I admire your spirit, and should be sorry that you should go to the ground without a friend."

"I accept your offer, with the greatest pleasure and gratitude, Sir," replied Brian; "but I still labour under another disadvantage: as this is the first time that I ever had occasion for pistols, I am without them, and there is no shop open, at which I may procure a pair."

"I am happy, Sir, to have it in my power to prevent the necessity of your trusting to any rubbish which may be

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picked

picked up at a moment's warning. My lodgings are at a very little distance; and the people of the coffee-house are not yet stirring, if you will walk with me, I can furnish you with a tried pair—hair triggers; not made for shew, but service; will neither dip, swerve, kick, nor hang fire."

Brian once more thanked his unexpected friend, and accompanied him to his lodgings in Half Moon-street, where he was furnished with the needful apparatus for supporting the character of a *man of honour*.

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CHAP. II.

*A Duel—Love's Alarms—Love, Friendship, and  
Gratitude—Lovers' Dreams.*

ON their return to the Gloucester coffee-house, they beheld the two persons who were expected ; and Brian's new friend saluted the principal as *Sir Charles Rushlight*, and the second as *Mr. Shadow*. They, in return, saluted him as *Captain Fascine* ; and enquired, with evident symptoms of surprise, if he was to be the friend of the other party ? The Captain replied in the affirmative, and asked if they had thought

of any particular spot for the scene of action? Mr. Shadow observed, that every place was alike, provided they could be free from interruption. After some consultation between the seconds, it was agreed that, as Hyde Park was a too well known scene of such affairs, the parties should send for a couple of post-chaises to take them to Uxbridge, where they should walk out together till they could find a place suited to their purpose. The post-chaises were soon at the door, and Sir Charles and his friend drove off in one, followed by the Captain and Brian in the other.

During the journey, the conversation of the Captain and Brian was so lively, and on such indifferent subjects, that any one who could have heard it, would have imagined that their excursion had been  
rather

rather on an affair of pleasure than on so serious an occasion. On their arrival at Uxbridge, the parties breakfasted together to prevent suspicion, and then walked out into the fields. When they had found a retired spot, the seconds agreed upon a distance of twelve paces, which were marked out; and as each of them insisted that their principal was entitled to the first fire, they settled the point by tossing up for it. Mr. Shadow won; and when the principals had taken their stations, he asked if Brian was willing to make as public an apology as had been the indignity which he had offered to his friend? Brian firmly replied, that he should dictate to his pistols the only apology which he would ever make.— Sir Charles then took deliberate aim, and fired: Brian received the shot in his

right breast ; but, as he did not appear in the least affected by it, every one concluded that it had missed him. Brian then asked, in turn, if Sir Charles would make such an apology as his friend the Captain should declare himself to be satisfied with, to the young lady whom he had so grossly affronted whilst under his protection ? On Sir Charles's refusal, Brian fired : the shot broke the Baronet's right arm, and the discharged pistol fell from his hand : he himself was prevented from falling to the ground by his second, who caught him in his arms. The Captain running up to him, expressed his hopes that he was not mortally wounded, and that each party would be satisfied with the proofs they had given of their being men of courage, and drop their animosity. As the Baronet was unable  
to

to make any reply, the Captain returned to Brian, and told him that it was high time for them to look to themselves, and to send a surgeon to his opponent, whom he believed to have received a very dangerous hurt. Brian, however, began to grow very faint, his face exhibited the most alarming paleness, and the Captain now first perceived the streams of blood which flowed over his clothes. "You are wounded, Sir," cried the Captain—"let me help you to reach the town, that we may proceed with all expedition to London, and get your wound skilfully dressed." They returned to Uxbridge with as much expedition as Brian's situation would permit; but he was then so ill, that it was judged dangerous to take him any farther. To us' army ...  
A medical professor was sent for, who  
c 4 appeared



appeared very doubtful of the case ; and giving the *usual* shake of the head, declared that, as it was more than probable that the patient would expire under his hands during the operation of extracting the ball, he would not risk his own reputation so far as to venture upon it, without the assistance of some eminent surgeon of London. This shake of the head was attributed by the Captain, who had seen much of the world, to its true source—*ignorance* ; although, by persons who are as ignorant as the professors that make use of it, the very same token is accounted a symptom of great foresight in the professor, and of imminent danger to the patient. The fact was, that the medical gentleman had been no more than a compounder of medicines under an eminent practitioner in London, and  
preferring

preferring to be a master in any other place to a servitude in the metropolis, he had ventured to set up in business at Uxbridge, on his own stock of knowledge. In matters of barely administering medicines or external applications, such as potions, lotions, blisters, glysters (where it is very difficult to discern between skill and ignorance), and even in the articles of tooth-drawing and blood-letting, he was as bold as a lion ; but in the routine of more arduous surgical operations, where unskillfulness is most easily detected, he was as timid as a hare. It was, therefore, customary with him to pursue the same mode as he took in the present case, that of sending for a surgeon from town to perform the operation ; after which he would pour in drugs, to prevent fevers, mortifications, and such like

c 5                      consequences,

consequences, and to make up the usual items of a long bill. This mode was certainly the safest for the patient and for the doctor, as the latter could say that the patient was incurable, or lay his death at the door of the operator, if such was the consequence; or, if a cure took place, he could (as he never failed to do) take all the merit of it to himself. The Captain, however, was not to be so blinded; and having desired the surgeon to put a stop to the hæmorrhage as well as he could, he jumped into the post-chaise, and drove back to London, where he found a skilful professional gentleman of his acquaintance, a Mr. Handaside, who instantly set out with him for Uxbridge.

Mr. Handaside had no sooner probed the wound, than he pronounced it to be more formidable in appearance than in reality;

reality; and, without the slightest hesitation, he performed that operation, which had appeared so arduous to the other surgeon. Brian bore the pain of the extraction, excruciating as it must have been, without flinching, or even groaning. It was no sooner finished, than, to the surprise of all present, he expressed his fears for his wounded antagonist, and his wish that he might enjoy the benefit of that skill to which he was likely to be indebted for the preservation of his own life. His firmness was now less admired than his generosity; and Mr. Handaside, after having recommended to him to endeavour to compose himself, promised that he would be ready to lend his assistance to the other gentleman, if he was not already taken care of.

Brian, however, could by no means

rest under the ideas of the anxiety which his friends, Mr. Hewson and Charlotte, would experience at his absence, particularly the latter, who must suspect the cause of it. Having made known the occasion of his uneasiness to the Captain, the latter addressed him thus: "My dear fellow, you need not retard your recovery on that account: your friends undoubtedly will be more gratified by hearing that you have behaved like a man of spirit, although you will smart a little for it, than that you preferred your safety to your honour: that such will be the sentiments of the lady at least, I am perfectly convinced, from my experience in the sex. It may be proper, however, not to let them remain in suspense; and I can write a letter to them, treating the wound as a slight matter, and informing them  
that

that it is the opinion of one of the most skilful surgeons in London, that your cure is certain, and will be speedy; or, if you think that my going in person will be more satisfactory to them, command me—you have only to say the word."

Brian was about to pour out a string of apologies and thanks, but the Captain prevented him, by saying that, where an offer was sincerely made on one side, there was no occasion for many apologies from the other side for accepting it; and, in the present case, an effusion of words, after an effusion of blood, should be particularly avoided. He then asked if he should go or write? Brian preferred the former; and after the Captain had obtained Mr. Hewson's address, he was presently again on the road to London.

Mr. Hewson and his daughter were, at  
that

that time, in the most cruel suspense and anxiety. At breakfast time, they waited for Brian; and at length a servant was sent to seek him, who brought back word that he was not in the house; and that, as the door had been found unbolted, it was probable that he had gone out early. As Mr. Hewson knew nothing of the preceding night's affair, he sat down to his breakfast; but Charlotte stood like one thunderstruck at the news, and the colour had wholly forsaken her cheeks. Mr. Hewson, after waiting for some minutes, in expectation of her pouring out his tea as usual, looked at her, and observed her standing, and quite lost in thought—"Come, come, my dear," said he, smiling, "we can surely breakfast *for once* without Mr. Bonnycastle."

Charlotte endeavoured to resume her-  
4 self,

self, and began to perform the honours of the table, but in so awkward a manner, that her father passed several jokes upon her inattention. Charlotte put on a feigned composure, that she might not afflict her father with imaginary fears, although she dreaded that her own would prove but too real.

Mr. Hewson had no sooner finished his breakfast, and withdrawn to the counting-house, than, after many sighs, the unhappy Charlotte could not refrain from giving vent to her direful forebodings in a shower of tears. In this situation, and before she could clear away the pearly drops, was she surprised by her father, who exclaimed—"Something must be amiss, Charlotte: tell me truly, I charge you on the authority of a parent, what  
has



has happened, or what you suspect to have happened."

Charlotte related what had passed at the theatre, and excused herself for not mentioning it to her father, as she thought she had obtained Mr. Bonnycastle's promise to take no further notice of the affair.

"It is too late now," said Mr. Hewson—"the mischief, if any is to ensue, is over before this time. We must await the event with patience, as it will be in vain to endeavour, at this time, to trace the rash youth, who undoubtedly went out very early to prevent detention."

Charlotte uttered not a syllable; but she no longer sought to restrain her sobs and groans. Her father was touched with her situation, and strove to relieve it—

"Brian

"Brian is brave," continued he; "and his cause is just, if there can be any justice in duelling. As for his antagonist, I have no idea that *he* can be a brave man who will insult a female; and although he may muster sufficient resolution to shew his face upon the ground, yet he may perhaps be glad to find a hole to creep away from fighting. I have often read in the newspapers, of the disputes of these *box-lobby heroes*, some of which have been accommodated with an *if*, others with an exchange of powder alone, and I don't doubt but that was terrifying enough to the principals.—Brian's antagonist is probably one of these gentry; but, should he be a fighting man, Brian may as well prove victorious as otherwise."

Mr. Hewson uttered this speech with a  
feigned

feigned composure; and leaving the room, he dispatched a messenger to the public office in Bow-street, to give notice of the apprehended meeting, that steps might be taken to prevent it, if not too late. He had but just returned to his daughter, when they heard a chaise stop at the door, and a thundering knocking at it. Charlotte jumped up, exclaiming—"Ah! he would never return in a chaise! no—he must be brought back, either severely wounded, or a corpse!"

Mr. Hewson entertained a similar dread, especially when a servant announced that a gentleman wished to see him on private business. Leaving Charlotte to the care of the servant, he hastened to obey the summons, which came from Captain Fascine.

The Captain briefly related the whole affair,

affair, of which he had been a witness almost from the beginning to the end, in the most favourable point of view, on Brian's side ; and concluded with giving Mr. Handaside's opinion of his wound.

As Mr. Hewson had often heard Mr. Handaside's name and professional skill mentioned, he was somewhat relieved by this intelligence, alarming as it was, upon the whole. He was afraid to break it to his daughter (but it could not be avoided), as her fears would conceive the worst. Having asked the Captain when he should see Mr. Bonnycastle again? and being answered that he should return so soon as a change of horses could be procured, Mr. Hewson expressed a desire to accompany him, if he would have the goodness to wait a short time. The Captain readily acquiesced ; and Mr. Hewson  
returned

returned to his daughter, to whom he broke the news without the least alteration, except that the surgeon had found Brian's wound to be so slight that he would be able to return to town within two or three days at farthest: he added, that to assure her, as well as himself, that this report was not more favourable than strictly true, he was going off with the messenger, who had acted as Brian's friend on the occasion; and that he should take care that nothing should be wanting that might expedite his cure and return.

After Charlotte had expressed herself to be somewhat reconciled to the news, and to approve of her father's intention, Mr. Hewson recommended to her not to torment herself with useless fears; and getting into the chaise with the Captain, they

they drove to the Gloucester Coffee-house, changed horses, and took the road to Uxbridge.

Although Mr. Hewson had always professed the utmost abhorrence of duelling, yet he had so high an opinion of Brian's peaceable disposition, and entertained so much regard for the defender of his beloved daughter, that he had perfectly justified it to himself in this instance.

On arriving at Uxbridge, Mr. Handaside, who had never left the patient, was summoned to the parlour, and informed his friends that his patient had dozed for upwards of an hour, and had awoke so much refreshed and relieved, that he was confirmed in his former opinion of a speedy cure. He, however, desired Mr. Hewson, if he considered that his presence would be any way liable to agitate  
his

his patient, to refrain from visiting him for the present.

After some little hesitation, Mr. Hewson, who had clearly perceived the growing attachment between his daughter and Brian, concluded that his presence might discompose him, and he contented himself with writing a most consolatory letter to him, painting his high sense of that gallantry, which had put him to the risk of his life on his daughter's account, and expressing his hopes of his speedy return to receive the heartfelt acknowledgments of himself and his daughter.

Having communicated the contents of the letter to the Captain and Mr. Handaside, who both approved them, the former carried it to Brian's room, exclaiming, as he opened the door—"Here, my dear boy, here is an effectual cure for you!

you! The old gentleman and the young lady are brimful of gratitude and admiration! I hope there is a fortune of half a plum at least for you."

Brian perused the letter several times, until he dropped asleep with it in his hand; and Mr. Hewson returned to London in the evening, firmly relying on Mr. Handaside's assurance that the worst was past.

The Captain and Mr. Handaside never left Brian during his confinement, unless when their own affairs required their presence in town; and, in those cases, they always returned to him at night. Mr. Hewson was daily informed of the progress of the cure; and when Mr. Handaside was of opinion that his patient could bear the journey to town, he came



came in person to carry him back with him. Besides making a very handsome compliment to Mr. Handaside, Mr. Hewson insisted on paying the whole of the expences at the inn, alledging that they had been incurred solely on *his own account*.

Mr. Hewson, Brian, the Captain, and Mr. Handaside, then returned to town in two post-chaises, and reached Mr. Hewson's door after dark: he had planned it so, in order that the meeting between Charlotte and Brian might be deferred till the next morning, to allow time to prepare for it, and to prevent any danger of a relapse in Brian. Immediately after their arrival, therefore, Brian, notwithstanding his eagerness, and almost entreaties, to be permitted to see Miss Charlotte,

Charlotte, was prevailed upon, by Mr. Hewson and his other friends, to retire to his chamber.

Mr. Hewson detained the Captain and Mr. Handaside to supper, and gave them an opportunity of admiring the person and manners of his daughter, and of envying the happiness of Brian, of which they had not the least doubt. The guests, in return, were incessant in their praises of the conduct of Brian, which kind of conversation they observed to be extremely grateful to Mr. Hewson and his daughter, particularly the latter, whose face glowed with the praises of the object of her attachment.

At taking leave, Mr. Hewson gave the two gentlemen a general invitation to call and see their friend, Mr. Bonnycastle. Charlotte and Brian were both a long

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time in composing themselves to rest on that night, and then they slept only to dream of happiness, that is to say, of each other.

## CHAP. III.

*The most glorious Prospects blighted by a Want of Resolution to fly from bad Company—The first Steps to Dissipation hard to be retraced, and the Gulph of Wretchedness begins to yawn.*

WHEN the breakfast hour arrived, Brian descended into the parlour, where he beheld Charlotte alone. For an instant, her joy at beholding him, after so cruel an absence, called up the crimson in her cheeks; but she no sooner observed the pallid hue on his, than her own resembled the lily. She turned her head aside, to conceal the sigh which struggled in

her bosom, and the tear which started into her eye. Brian approached, took her trembling hand respectfully, and addressed her thus, in the tenderest accents:

"Will not Miss Charlotte pardon me then for the deception which I practised upon her, and which my honour imperiously dictated to me? If I have still her displeasure to encounter, I am only sorry that I have lived to deserve it, and that the ball had not been friendly enough to close my eyes for ever."

"How can you suppose, Sir," replied Charlotte, with much emotion, "that I can entertain any such sentiment as anger against you, after your having so generously exposed your life for my sake? It was to preserve a life which could not but be dear to me, both from esteem and gratitude, that I extorted a promise from  
you

you not to endanger it. If you have broken it, your sufferings have been so severe, that I should rather wish to alleviate than to encrease them."

" Ah, my Charlotte, I have suffered nothing, since you confess that my life is dear to you ! How life-restoring must be that confession, which informs me of what I dared not even suspect, which gives me to understand how inextricably my happiness is interwoven with yours ! How doatingly fond my heart is of you !"

At these words, a glow of transport seemed to animate Charlotte's whole frame ; at first she trembled with delight, and then a soft languor succeeding to her tremor, she sunk upon Brian's bosom, exclaiming, as she concealed her blushing face, in the softest accents—" Do you then indeed love me ?"

Brian was so lost in ecstasy, that he made no answer; perhaps he did not distinctly hear the question; till Charlotte, looking earnestly in his face, as if she had her doubts, as if she feared to be mistaken, repeated it. Brian made such ardent protestations of the most unalterable attachment, that she scrupled no longer to give way to her feelings: she suffered Brian to press her to his bosom, and asked him why he had never told her before that he loved her?

“Because I had firmly resolved,” replied he, “never to make that disclosure; for which I cannot now justify myself: love has triumphed over reason, and rendered me ungrateful to my benefactor—to your father!”

“What is the meaning of this sudden change?” cried Charlotte, looking very seriously—

seriously—"Do you repent of having made me happy by your confession? Do you wish to retract it?"

"No; I shall never repent of making you happy, my dearest Charlotte: I would willingly make your happiness the sole aim of my life, but it will never be in my power—Mr. Hewson will never consent to give me his daughter; no—I am destined to love, and to be miserable."

"Do not say so; you may be happy, if I can make you so. I am very well assured, and so ought you to be, that my father entertains the highest esteem for you; and if you were to declare to him an attachment to me——"

"How can I venture to make such a declaration, when there is so great a superiority of fortune on your side? I must banish every thought of an union



with you, which could only appear in a mercenary point of view, on my side."

"But I shall not think so: fortune is well exchanged for happiness; and you must promise me to banish all such notions of imaginary honour."

Brian seized her hand, and kissed it with a glow of rapture, which was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Mr. Hewson. Brian was as much shocked at being surprised with Charlotte's hand enclosed in his, as he would have been at being caught picking a pocket; for, according to the principles which he had imbibed from his father, and which had not been at that time impaired by any vicious intercourse with the world, he thought that the highwayman, who robbed from necessity, was a better character than the man who would steal

steal a woman's affections, without the approbation of her parents. Brian looked, as he felt, very much disconcerted ; but he was somewhat restored to his ease, by observing the utmost complacency and kindness in Mr. Hewson's looks and conduct. Charlotte was not in the least constrained by her father's presence ; she directed the most engaging smiles and speeches to Brian, who would have been happy, but for the want of that paternal sanction which he timidly despaired of. He was not, however, to remain long in a state of suspense.

One day, when Brian was walking across the parlour, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the floor, revolving whether it was honourable in himself to remain any longer under Mr. Hewson's roof under existing circumstances, Mr. Hewson

entered the room. After having talked a little on affairs of business, Mr. Hewson enquired where Charlotte was? looking, at the same time, full in Brian's face. Brian was disconcerted by the question, and hesitated before he could stammer out that he did not know. To complete his confusion, Mr. Hewson turned short upon him, and asked him if he did not love his daughter? Brian started, the blood flushed his pallid cheeks, and he faintly articulated—"Love Miss Charlotte, Sir?"

"Aye, do you love Charlotte, my daughter?—Is it not a plain question? and cannot you give me as plain an answer?"

"I fear, Sir," replied Brian, "that I have not acted as plainly with you as I ought to have done. I confess that I love  
Miss

Miss Hewson more than my life; and to prove the truth and disinterestedness of my attachment to her, I was just now thinking of asking you for your recommendation to some mercantile house that may be in want of a traveller. I should have been void of sensibility, to have witnessed so many charms and so many virtues unmoved; but I ought to have quitted your house on the first discovery which I myself made of my presumptuous passion—It is not too late now.”

Mr. Hewson surveyed him from head to foot; he saw, he could not avoid perceiving, that he was in a very great agitation, that his eyes dared not to meet the glances of a man whom he thought he had injured—“Why,” said Mr. Hewson, “do you think of leaving a girl, to whom

you confess that you are attached, before you have satisfied yourself that it is necessary you should do so?"

"I am already satisfied, Sir, that I can have no pretensions to a lady of Miss Hewson's fortune. You, and every other person, might have deemed me mercenary, if I had addressed Miss Hewson; and have concluded, not unnaturally, that her fortune would have been my principal object: I therefore carefully concealed from her the emotions with which she had inspired me, until an unforeseen accident made me lose sight of so honourable a reserve; till that time, the secret never burst from my labouring bosom; and, ever since, I have been forming a resolution to avoid disturbing the peace and happiness of yourself and  
your

your daughter. At the very moment you joined me, I was planning the best method of accomplishing this design."

"I suppose, Sir," said Mr. Hewson, who had been smiling during the whole of this speech, "that my daughter is as much attached to you as you are to her."

"If you shall please to ask her that question," replied Brian, "I am certain that she has too much candour, as well as too high a sense of filial duty, to dissemble with you on that or any other point."

Mr. Hewson left the room, without uttering another syllable; and in about a quarter of an hour he returned, leading in the blushing Charlotte. Having placed her hand in Brian's, he said—"There, Sir, is my daughter's hand; and be assured, that if I imagined I could have found a more worthy person than yourself,

self, you would never have received it with my consent."

Brian thanked Mr. Hewson in the best manner his raptures would permit him, for this inestimable gift; and then turning to Charlotte, he asked her if it would be offering the least violence to her inclinations, to consent to his happiness?

"No, Sir," replied she; "I bestow my hand freely upon you, for the very same reason that my father has already given it to you."

Brian's happiness now seemed to have attained nearly the pinnacle of fortune, and to rest on a most solid foundation—But what is the foundation of all human happiness?—*Sand.*

Mr. Hewson declared, that he would delay the marriage-ceremony no longer than till the return of his son, who had  
written

written that he was about to embark at Leghorn, and expected to be in London soon after his letter. He did arrive, and his arrival, which Brian had looked forward to as the signal of complete happiness, proved that of the most abject misery.

Mr. Robert Hewson, the son, finding how high Brian stood in the estimation of his family, was excessively polite to him; and among other offers, which were intended as acts of kindness, he desired his father to give him leave to introduce him to some young persons of fashion, with whom he had made acquaintance on his travels. As Brian had never been in any mixed company, except the trading part of the city, whom he met at coffee-houses on business, he was very doubtful of his being able to conduct himself with  
ease



case in a higher sphere ; and he would have readily declined the offer. Robert, however, gave so advantageous a character of his acquaintance, that, as Mr. Hewson made no sort of objection, a natural curiosity of youth began to make Brian wish to be admitted into such company. When the evening came, Robert conducted him to a hotel, under Covent-garden Piazza. Brian had often heard the place mentioned, but he had never felt the least curiosity to visit such houses, believing them to be the temples of riot, ebriety, dissipation, and ruin.

Brian was introduced to a very genteel-dressed party of young men, who received him with the greatest politeness. His heart was dilated with his reception, and with the expectation of enjoying a charming evening amidst such a  
brilliant

brilliant company, whose taste and conversation, from their knowledge of *the town* and of foreign parts, he presumed to have been of a superior cast. He was, however, miserably disappointed: the interval before supper was trifled away in recounting their schoolboy-tricks at the time of breaking up, their feats at the last Newmarket meeting, and in laying bets for the next. They then fell upon the subject of *ladies of the town*; and from that they began to criticise upon theatrical performers and pieces, if that could be styled criticism, which extended no farther than an insipid narration of Thespian anecdotes, that had appeared in magazines years before.

The supper put an end to this sort of trash; but it was only to give place to worse. An hour was wasted over the meal,

men or hazard, are resorted to, that the fun may be kept up. If the guests are backward at mentioning women, the waiters are sure to remind them of them, because those houses are never without plyers, who are penned up, like sheep in Smithfield, waiting to be sent for.

Some of these unhappy females were introduced, and as the company were some way gone in the second bottle to each man, Brian regarded the one who was recommended to himself as a most beautiful woman. Already inflamed with wine, he drank her health in a gobletful, challenged the company to follow the example, promised to meet the company again on the next night, and was dignified with the appellation of a *d--d high fellow*.

To all that ensued he was totally insensible,

sensible, till he awoke in the morning, in a strange place, with a violent pain in his head, his lips scorched, and his ideas in the utmost confusion. It was a long time before he could call to remembrance some faint traces of the preceding night's debauch: he started up, as if terrified at himself, and beheld the fair one, who, the night before, had so fascinated him, now so changed, that he left her as much a vestal as he found her, paid his quota of a most extravagant bill, and returned home, afraid to meet the eyes of Mr. Hewson and his daughter.

Robert Hewson undertook their excuse, which was, that having been detained late, they had preferred accepting a bed at a friend's house, to disturbing the family at an unusual hour. The well-known sobriety of Brian's past conduct, made

made this excuse pass without the least suspicion: he hugged himself in the deception; and when Robert reminded him of his engagement to meet the same company in the evening, he told him the resolution which he had formed of never running such another risk. Robert ridiculed his fears, by asserting that his father and sister might be always kept in the same darkness; and insinuating that his *honour* demanded that he should keep this one engagement, if he never made another. Brian was tricked out of his resolution; and, rather than appear ridiculous in the eyes of those whom he now despised, he consented to become wretched.

The meeting was polite and sociable, but the company appeared rather flagged; novelty was worn off—Brian was considered

considered as one of them, and the mask was dropped. A repetition of the preceding night's amusements was slightly proposed, and rejected; but a challenge given by one of the company to throw a main, was rapturously received, and dice were called for.

For a while, Brian was only a mere spectator; but as the game of hazard appeared to him extremely fair, and he was much pressed to try his fortune, he took the box, and threw in five hands. Emboldened by this success, when it came to his turn again, he threw with spirit; and at the breaking up of the party, was a winner of sixty guineas. A play-club was established, to meet twice a-week; and as they returned home that night, Brian was overjoyed, not only with his present good fortune, but with the prospect

pect of gaining considerably in future, without being suspected by Mr. Hewson of such practices. On the next day, he purchased the *Doctrine of Chances*, *Hoyle's Games*, and all the treatises on the subject, and studied them with the most profound attention. As he had been much used to business, he was cool, could lay his bets better than any of the other members of the club, and was more successful than any of them.

He had been for some time so deeply involved in calculating the probability of winning against that of losing, that he became almost insensible of any change in his own conduct, till he could not help observing that Mr. Hewson and his daughter grew very reserved, and rather ceremoniously polite than affectionate and tender, as they had formerly been.

Avarice,

Avarice, however, solely possessed him; and he imagined that when the fortune with which he flattered himself, was once gained, he should easily gain more of the esteem of Mr. and Miss Hewson, than he could possibly lose in the pursuit of it. He was dreadfully staggered, however, when, on entering the breakfast-parlour one morning, after being up the greater part of the preceding night at the club, he saw nothing of Miss Charlotte. On enquiring after her, he was coolly told by Mr. Hewson, that he had consented, at her own express desire, to her paying a visit, for a month or two months, to a boarding-school acquaintance, in Worestershire. Brian was thunderstruck, both at the matter and manner of communicating this intelligence, as he had never before received the slightest intimation

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mation of such a visit being intended. Besides the coolness of Mr. Hewson's reply, he never gave the slightest hint of the marriage, and even appeared to avoid studiously any private conversation with his late favourite.

Brian now began to perceive the folly of his late disgraceful pursuits, and he bitterly reproached Robert Hewson with having drawn him into them, to the destruction of all his happiness. Robert Hewson laughed at his groundless fears, as he termed them, and assured him, that his sister's visit was only a preliminary step to his marriage, which she was gone to propose to a distant relation, from whom she had a great expectation; and that he had heard his father declare, that the marriage should take place immediately after her return.

Improbable,

Improbable, and really untrue as was this assurance, Brian was so infatuated as to suffer himself to be lulled by it, and to be drawn that very evening into another fertile source of misfortune. Robert Hewson carried him to a house, where he introduced him to two females, whom he represented as in high-keeping, and desirous to keep it up for a day or two, their *friends* being gone out of town for that time.

Brian's passion for gallantry had long been wholly absorbed by that of gaming; but the Champaigne flew about briskly, the ladies were in high spirits, sung well, and were so charmingly beautiful, that he was surprised into a consent to join in an excursion for a day or two. Post-chaises were hired, the *parti quarre* set off for Windsor, and were so mutually

E 2

delighted

delighted with each other, that they delayed their return till the end of the sixth day. The consequence was, that Brian's partner lost her friend, who had returned during her absence; but she declared, that the loss of such a *scrub* would never give her a moment's uneasiness, and that she would rather live with Brian upon bread and water.

As Brian had been the means of her losing a good allowance, he thought he was bound in honour not to desert her; and to support this additional expence, he doubled his assiduity at the play-table with such success, that, besides making his mistress many valuable presents, he accumulated upwards of two thousand pounds at the end of six weeks from the commencement of their acquaintance. His infatuation encreased—he saw nothing

thing but golden prospects before him; but one fatal night dissolved the club, and all his dreams of happiness.

A dispute took place between Robert Hewson and another of the club; words ran very high; but, by the interference of Brian and others, the affair was seemingly adjusted. When the rest of the company, however, had returned to their employment, the two disputants slipped away unheeded, retired to an adjoining bagnio, fought, and about four o'clock in the morning, Robert Hewson was brought to his father's house, desperately wounded.

Mr. Hewson's agony was not to be described; and when Brian knocked at the door about an hour afterwards, totally ignorant of his companion's fate, he was told that, as Mr. Hewson had, in all probability,

bability, lost his son, through a quarrel at a gaming-house, of which he himself was a principal member, and also kept a mistress, Mr. Hewson thought it inconsistent with his reputation, and the interest of his daughter, to suffer him ever to enter his door again.

## CHAP. IV.

*A Mistress finishes what the Gaming-tables have begun—Characters of two Men of the Town—A Club of dramatic Censors described—Their Chastisement by an odd Character—The Knowing Ones taken in—A Midnight Street Robbery.*

BRIAN'S trunk and clothes were handed into the hackney-coach which had brought him home, and he ordered it to be driven to his mistress's house. He did not conceal from her the full extent of his misfortunes; but she made light of them, and represented that, as he had already been so successful at play, he might find

the gaming-house a surer and more profitable card than the counting-house.— Brian observed, that the club would be inevitably broken up by the unhappy catastrophe of his companion; but she assured him, that every gaming-house, every company, in whatever circle, was open to a man of his appearance, who could make a show of plenty of ready cash. This was some alleviation to his misery, although it was worse than death to him to appear more criminal than he really was in the eyes of Miss Hewson, for whom his love returned with redoubled violence, now that he considered her as irrecoverably lost. He sent a letter to Mr. Hewson the next morning, in which he stated all that had passed since the arrival of his unfortunate son in England; and assuring him that he had not the least

least idea of the duel which had terminated so fatally, till he was informed of it at his own door by the servant, who announced to him the heart-rending decree which was to separate them for ever. He wished not to appear, in his eyes, worse than he really had been; and conjured him, in his report to his father, to commiserate the feelings of a friend.

This letter was immediately transmitted by Mr. Hewson to Mr. Bonnycastle; the father, who wrote to his son, that it had proved a terrible shock to his aged frame, to find that he had so madly overthrown the fairest prospects of earthly happiness, by plunging into an abyss of vice. He gave him the most salutary advice respecting his future conduct, and concluded with informing him, that he should never wish to hear from him again;



unless it were to assure him of the utmost remorse for his past vicious conduct, and that he was engaged in some industrious, honest pursuit.

This letter plunged Brian into the utmost despair, as he considered himself an outcast from all the society that he held dear in the world. He was roused, however, by his mistress, who ridiculed his pitiful behaviour; and urged him, now that he was dismissed from his last leading-string, to assume the man. Her artful remonstrances, taunts, and insinuations, mollified at intervals by caresses, and the most violent protestations of eternal attachment, at length banished all symptoms of remorse, and inflamed him against the world, which he determined to make his future prey. He commenced *man of the town*, frequented the  
most

most noted taverns, and assumed that pitiful consequence which every street-lounger puts on, to practise upon the unwary. These airs of consequence which he gave himself, did not, however, sit very easy upon him, either from a natural bashfulness, a consciousness of his wretched situation, or a want of practice. He soon made a numerous acquaintance, because he appeared to have plenty of money; and he would often sigh at the happy *nonchalance* and gaiety of some of them, who were sometimes even reduced to the necessity of borrowing two or three guineas from him to pay their share of an entertainment, which they had enjoyed as if they had been possessed of thousands. This indifference, he observed, was not only a source of happiness to themselves, but made them most welcome

guests in every company, as, without the least pretensions to genuine wit or learning, they dispelled the gloom of melancholy by the rapidity and whimsicality of their nonsense.

Brian endeavoured to analyze this apparently-happy temperament, which he found to consist of a feigned contempt of worldly affairs, intended to pass for the ease and indifference of high life and affluence, and of a consummate effrontery—the present characteristic of *good-breeding*. He wished to attain it; but, notwithstanding all his assiduity, that reflection, which never fails to attend upon deeds, the reverse of those dictated by early and well-grounded principles, would cross his path, and make him walk as if he trod upon thorns.

His two principal types were young  
men.

men of the town, of the names of Glart and Burnish, whose every word betrayed their ignorance of even their mother-tongue; but their numerous anecdotes of people in high life, seemed to announce that they frequented their places of resort: although the words *families*, and *dirty family acres*, were frequently in their mouths, yet they ever avoided saying where they were situated. They lived as expensively, and apparently free from every care for the future, as if they had been possessed of great wealth; although the difference of their situations, being sometimes flush of money, and at others without a single guinea, made Brian imagine that their only resources were, like his own, the *doctrine of chances*. They had, however, the advantage of knowing men and life infinitely better:

Brian

Brian felt himself perfectly at ease in their company, because they gave him implicit confidence for all the airs which he assumed, without enquiring into the foundation of them — a politeness of which they undoubtedly expected a return.

Those two friends introduced Brian, one evening after a lounge at Covent-garden Theatre, into one of those houses in the neighbourhood, which are resorted to by the second-hand dramatic censors; whom they represented to him as the greatest geniuses of the age, and the fates who held the dramatic scissars. Brian was excessively attentive to their conversation; but, to his great surprise, he found that it was wholly *mechanical*, and a mere repetition of speeches from the works of different authors, without the  
least

least effusion of spontaneous, genuine wit, or the least spice of sound criticism. At intervals, the company were surprised and disconcerted in their remarks by an elderly person, genteelly dressed, who exclaimed, loud enough to be heard throughout the room—"Mouthers! Murderers of English! Monkies! Parrots!"

The critics passed over the affront as long as they could, consistently with the lofty character which they assumed, and the high opinion which they entertained of themselves; but at length the chairman, tipping a wink to the rest of the company, observed, that it gave himself, and must afford the rest of the company infinite satisfaction, to find that their judgments on dramatic productions were generally those which afterwards issued to the public through the medium of the periodical

apparent eccentricity and bluntness of the stranger, that he expressed a wish to Glare and Burnish to follow him to one of his haunts, and make some enquiry into his real occupation and character; but they informed him that he needed not take that trouble at present, as he was a very well known character, and they could introduce him into his company again almost every evening, and probably they might pop in upon him that very night.

In fact, after leaving the dramatic club, as it was the market morning at Covent-garden, they called at the *Finish*, where they found the stranger, whom Glare and Burnish saluted by the name of *Verjuice*, and congratulated him upon the success with which he had blown up the pretenders to dramatic criticism.

"There is no matter of triumph," replied

plied Verjuice, "in detecting such ignorant impostors—I should have thought them beneath my notice, if they would but have deemed me unworthy of theirs; but this is the age of pretenders: we have pretenders to high life, whose origin might be traced to the plough-tail; pretenders to wealth, who are only runners to gaming-houses; pretenders to wit, who are only retailers of Joe Miller's jests; pretenders to politics, who pick up their knowledge from the servants of parliament-men in the public-houses near St. Stephen's; and pretenders to gallantry, who are qualified to guard the seraglio of the grand sultan. I shall leave to yourselves, gentlemen, to fix which class you belong to."

"Why, to the same class in which you rank," rejoined Glare—"We pretend to enjoy



enjoy life at the expence of the fools, upon whose heels we tread at every step."

"It is a happy world," observed Verjuice, "when fools can enjoy themselves at the expence of fools."

"There is no folly, however, in those who laugh," said Burnish.

"They are only the wisest of fools," cried Verjuice—"But pray, gentlemen, did you leave the club of critics to follow me hither, and take me off? If so, I shall take myself off, without even intruding upon you so far as to ask you to lend me as much money as will pay my reckoning—a custom very prevalent among you gentlemen in *high life*."

Brian observed the sneer which accompanied this last speech, as did his companions, who burst into a laugh, and declared that they came only to have their  
appetites

appetites whetted by a few of his cynical remarks, before sitting down at the Hummums, to a turbot and brace of pheasants, of which they invited him to partake.

“Don’t hum us—to sprats and a brace of cowheels, in some night-cellar, I rather suppose,” replied Verjuice—“Well, I believe I have still eighteenpence left in my pocket, which will be sufficient to defray my share of any supper you will have to-night; so I don’t care if I do for once *descend* to keep you company.”

They all went to the coffee-house, where they were regaled with a most sumptuous supper; and when they had drunk about a bottle apiece, Glare and Burpish proposed to make out the night, either by beating up the watch, and retiring to some of the houses under Covent-garden piazzas, or by taking a hand at whist.

“I thought

company, yet I never put to them any questions respecting their means of subsistence."

"Why, the gaming-houses are their only estates," said Verjuice, "and the *family stock* all their funds; and if you are not a bird of the same feather, they will surely rook you."

Brian felt much confused at this insinuation; he assured Verjuice that he had never yet made a livelihood by gaming, but that he had a little ready money, which he wished to embark in some mercantile employ.

"You have fallen upon a very bad method then," said Verjuice; "for, if your friends do not soon ease you of your capital, yet they are so well known upon the town, that every respectable house will be shut against you: you must

must then either be a gamester or nothing. But excuse me, Sir, your gay turn of mind does not seem suited to the confinement of a counting-house."

"And yet, till lately, I have known no other," said Brian; "but, I confess, it does not altogether suit me. If I could bestow my money with any person possessed of sufficient interest to procure me a genteel post under Government——"

"Take care how you proceed there," said Verjuice—"There are persons who makè it their business to take in the unwary, by getting their money, and promising places, which they could not obtain for themselves."

"But would a person of consequence, a nobleman, act thus?"

"Many of them would, and do every day: the profligacy of many young men

of rank of the present day, renders them callous to shame; and, of the two, I would rather risk my money at the gaming-table, than trust it to their promises. But I must now wish you a good-night, as I perceive your route lies a different way." Brian was going through Piccadilly, and Verjuice stopped to turn up Prince's-street, Soho—"But, before we part, let me give you a piece of advice: be out of the way to-morrow, for I suspect that Glare and Burnish will send to borrow money from you, to release themselves from the house where we have left them."

Brian thanked him for the hint, and expressed a wish to keep up the acquaintance; giving him an invitation at the same time, to dine with him the next day. Verjuice accepted the invitation; and, after receiving Brian's address, left him.

He

He had scarcely walked fifty yards, before he heard a voice exclaim—"Watch! watch!" From the sound of the voice, and the direction whence it came, it immediately struck him that it proceeded from the old gentleman whom he had just quitted. He turned back, ran up Prince's-street, and was just in time to observe two men forcing another down an alley leading into Rupert-street. He followed, and cried up, to terrify the thieves, "Here they are! run round, and cut off their retreat in Rupert-street!"—The ruffians instantly quitted their prey, fired a pistol in the direction in which our adventurer stood, happily without doing him any mischief, and ran off in the opposite one. Brian hastened to raise the person whom they had thrown on the ground, and were then in the act

of rifling, and found that it was indeed his new acquaintance. Brian asked if he was hurt? and not receiving any answer but a stifled groan, supposed he had been stabbed, and roared out for the watch. When they came however, by the additional light of their lanthorns, they perceived a handkerchief tied over the mouth of the supposed murdered person, which being removed, they had the satisfaction of hearing him say that he believed he was not much hurt.

Having got him on his legs, and examined his clothes, to see if there was any blood upon them, but could find none, Brian congratulated Verjuice on his escape.

“But how have you yourself escaped?” demanded the old man; “for they fired a pistol at you, as you ran up.”

“I feel

"I feel nothing amiss," replied Brian.

His own clothes now underwent a similar examination, and a hole was discovered in the left skirt of his coat, apparently made by a ball, which must have narrowly missed the thigh. Brian desired one of the watchmen to get a hackney-coach to the corner of the alley, where he put Verjuice into it; and, after having given a crown to the guardians of the night to drink, he desired to accompany him home; but the old man declined the offer with many thanks, assuring him that he was in no fear of further danger now, and was neither so frightened nor hurt as to prevent him from keeping his appointment to dine with him.



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## CHAP. V.

*A Kept-Mistress dissected—The Duplicity and Tricks of Bagno-Keepers exposed—A further Acquaintance with an odd Character.*

As Verjuice had foreseen, a note was brought, the next morning, from Glare and Burnish; but Brian had given orders to the servant, to tell any one who should ask for him, that he was gone out for the day.

At dinner-time, Verjuice was punctual; and he and Mrs. Fisher (Brian's mistress) eyed one another with no little keenness.

After

After dinner, Verjuice proposed a walk ; and Mrs. Fisher would have prevented Brian from accompanying him, by expressing a wish to have him go out with her ; but Brian pretended particular business, and left her.

“ Pray, is the lady, to whom you have done me the honour to introduce me, *really* your wife ? ” enquired Verjuice.

“ Not legally so.”

“ I thought so—her face seems not *new* to me.”

“ Have you any knowledge of her ? ”

“ None in particular : when we often see a face, we remember it, without farther acquaintance.”

“ I think her an honest woman, of the sort.”

“ Like all the rest of them, I dare say.”

The lady was then dropped, and they

walked into Hyde Park, where Verjuice highly entertained Brian with the characters of the principal personages, not one of whom but he knew, and he received nods from several of them.

When they returned to supper, Brian was informed that the messenger who had been there that morning, had returned several times, and, the last time, had left a message, desiring him to come to —, at his return. Verjuice asked Brian sneeringly, if he did not mean to comply with the request? but he replied only by bidding the servant continue to deny him to any person from the same place.

Mrs. Fisher was very polite to Verjuice, but it was evidently constrained civility; and, after his departure, she asked Brian where he had picked up that  
*suspicious*

*suspicious character*, and who and what he was ?

Brian replied, that he knew nothing of him, but that he was a humourist, whom chance threw in his way ; but that he was far from entertaining any suspicion of him, as he strove to put him on his guard against those who might wish to take advantage of him.

“ Aye, my dear Brian, to have you all to himself.”

“ I think he has no such views ; but I shall put his own advice in practice against himself, till I know more of him.”

“ I am very much mistaken, if he be not a designing person. However, keep your secrets to yourself—male friends are no less dangerous than female ones.”

Probably the reader will have penetration enough to guess why Mrs. Fisher

wished to break up this intimacy ; if not, the reason will be presently disclosed to him. Brian was so taken with the eccentricities of Verjuice, who seemed to associate with mankind solely to make sport of them, that he began to imbibe much of his cynical humour, to which he was no doubt predisposed, by his own disappointment in his tenderest hopes, which, notwithstanding Mrs. Fisher's caresses, would, at intervals, give him the most excruciating pangs—he experienced that he could never drive Miss Charlotte Hewson from his heart, although he despaired of obtaining her. He was now more than ever with Verjuice, as Mrs. Fisher began to make home uneasy to him, by dropping all her former gaiety, and appearing sad, taciturn, and gloomy: sighs would every now and then escape her, although  
she

she wished it to appear that she endeavoured to suppress them. Brian pressed her repeatedly to tell the cause of her uneasiness. "What!" replied she, "that you might expose me to the ridicule of your satirical friend Verjuice! No; I will die first."

Brian was so eager to find out the cause of her secret grief, that he applied to her servant, and became the dupe of as stale a trick as could be played off, although he had heard much of the artifices of females of that description, and had resolved never to suffer himself to be duped by them. He had, however, presented her with jewels, which she accepted with a well-feigned reluctance, to the amount of three hundred pounds; and he had advanced several sums towards expences of housekeeping, having de-

sired the servant to call upon her mistress for as little as possible, without giving her reason to think that she was not at the whole expence. There was not the least occasion for this delicacy, as Mrs. Fisher and her servant had the best understanding; and the latter only waited for her cue, to break ground against Brian. He had no sooner put the question to her, than she began a long dismal story, about how well her mistress had lived with the last friend, whom she left for him; but that she had been running behindhand ever since. Her love for him would not let her disclose her present situation to him, lest he should think her *mercenary*; but, as she hoped to be saved, -her mistress went in fear of being arrested every day, as she had given up all company for his. Brian snapt at  
the

the bait, and ordered her to get a list of her mistress's debts, without saying a word to her about it. She had it ready, she said, and had been going to shew it to him several times, but fear of her mistress's anger had prevented her. Even this ready-wrote out list did not open his eyes, he was infatuated for the moment, and he gave the girl the money to pay the whole amount, nearly to the tune of seven hundred pounds.

This folly may appear incredible in a gamester; but Brian was young, of warm passions, and vain of the possession of so fine a woman as Mrs. Fisher certainly was; he, moreover, thought it a meritorious act, to save a girl from that ruin to which she had reduced herself for *love* of him.

Brian was now reduced to about one  
thousand



thousand guineas, and he began to reflect that it was time to leave lounging and betake himself to the gaming-tables, which he had shunned whilst he was rich, dreading a reverse of fortune. He was to meet Verjuice that evening, by appointment; and when the time came, he was so unusually thoughtful, that Verjuice asked what ailed him? and whether his mistress had drawn heavily upon his banker that morning?—Brian had long wished to open the real state of his affairs to Verjuice, whom he thought capable of giving him the best advice, but bashfulness had hitherto prevented him: the present question afforded him a fair opportunity, and he frankly gave him a sketch of his past life, not concealing Mrs. Fisher's affair.

“ From

“ From the first moment I beheld that woman,” cried Verjuice, “ I thought she was duping you.”

“ *Duping* !—Do you imagine that this was a planned thing ?”

“ Certainly, to pay either her real or pretended debts. She always looked shy upon me, because she must have guessed that I was no greenhorn, and she dreaded lest I should *split* upon her. Her gloom and sighs were intended to excite your curiosity, and try what hold she had upon you: when she thought you were wrought up to her purpose, the maid was set at work, and you were caught.”

“ But do you really think, if I were distressed, she would not make away with every thing to set me up again ?”

“ On the contrary, she would turn her back upon you, and her door would be closed

closed against you, from that moment. 'Tis easy to make the trial, and much better to do it in jest than in earnest. Feign yourself reduced to that distress, and see what reception you will meet with: 'twill never recover what is lost, but may save from her grasp what is still left."

Brian resolved to make the trial instantly; and having appointed a place of meeting, he returned to Mrs. Fisher's. The servant informed him, that she was gone to a house in Hart-street, Covent-garden—a resort not only for the common class, but for those in high keeping, when they were inclined for a lounge. Brian had often accompanied her thither, and the master and mistress had always expressed the most cordial friendship for him; nay, they had several times offered  
to

to lend him any sum of money he might want ; adding, that it was only to ask and have. He found his mistress sitting with the landlord and landlady, who, so soon as he opened the door, rushed towards him to welcome him ; and the landlord said, it was well he was not of a jealous disposition, for his wife was as fond of Mr. Bonnycastle as of himself.

“ Nay, for that matter,” cried the landlady, “ you are as fond of his Honour as I can be ; and have often told me, he was the finest *gemman* in England. I wonder indeed what makes all the men and women so fond of him : I’m sure, if he wanted it, he might have all we were worth in the world.”

“ Aye, that he should, and heartily welcome,” said her husband, vanishing, and returning with a bottle of claret, out  
of

of which he drank to his guest's health, with the most fervent protestations of kindness.

Mrs. Fisher, holding her glass in one hand and seizing Brian's with the other, looked him full in the face, and wished the most bitter bad luck might befall her, if she ever refused to share her last sixpence with him.

Brian could not have found a fairer opportunity of putting all these protestations to the test, and he immediately declared, that some unlucky circumstances had made it necessary for him to borrow from some of his friends, two hundred pounds for a month. During the latter part of his speech, he took notice that the landlord was trying to put the cork into the bottle again; and it was no sooner ended, than, turning to the door, he

he cried—" *Coming ! coming !*" and instantly left the room, followed by his wife.

Brian then turned to Mrs. Fisher, who gave a start, as if just awakened, and asked her what she thought of the behaviour of these people ?

" Lord, I don't know ; to be sure, they know their own affairs best. Do ring the bell—I want somebody to get me a chair."

" Where are you going ?"

" To the *Key*, in Chandos-street."

" I came on purpose to spend the evening with you."

" I can't stay. Is it to be expected that a girl, who has her living to get, can waste her time for nothing ?"

Before he could reply, the landlord and landlady came back ; and, after some little altercation between them who should speak

speaking first, the former got the start, and addressed Brian thus: "I scorn to be worse than my word; and if I had any money in the house, you should be welcome to it; for I'd do any thing to help a *gemman* in distress. But indeed, Sir, I have so many bad debts, that nobody on earth wants money more than I do.—Here is your bill, Sir—not much—I never love to sponge upon my friends—only twenty-five pounds in the whole, for yourself and madam. Take your time, Sir, since it is not convenient now—a week will make no great odds." The landlord then left the room, followed by his wife, who told Mrs. Fisher she wanted to speak to her.

"They are a couple of *scrubs*," said Mrs. Fisher; "and, for my part, I'll never enter the house again. You must have

have a very mean spirit, not to pay them their bill immediately."

"But how can I do it, unless you will lend me the money?"

"If I have any more than this half-guinea in the world, may I never see daylight again!—You know I would pawn my gown off my back for you!"

"Well thought of! You have superfluous plate enough upon your sideboard at home, to raise what I want."

"Yes; and then my servants would miss it, and it would be talked of in the neighbourhood, and my landlord would seize for his rent."

"Your jewels then——"

"I have not enough, as it is, to go decently to the Opera-house. You ask things out of all reason; unless you would starve me, and that would do neither of us good.

Before



Before I would let such creatures dun me; I would——Pray, are you the first gentleman that has been reduced to *take a ride?*”

“What! would you have me turn highwayman?”

“Oh dear! is that such a vast matter? Have not you been a gamester? and that, I am sure, is the worst calling of the two. But I see what sort of a spirit you have: either prove that I am mistaken, or never see my face again.”

She was then going to leave the room, but Brian stopped her, coolly observing, that she should at least have the satisfaction of seeing the *scrubs*, as she termed them, paid, before they bade a final adieu to each other. He then rang the bell, and the landlord and landlady reappeared. Brian took out of his pocket-book

twenty-

twenty-five pounds in notes, and demanded a receipt, to the no small surprise of the trio.

"There, by G—d!" cried Mrs. Fisher—"Did not you see me wink at you, so much as to say, he was *humming* us?—Well, my dear Brian, you must at least confess that we were even with you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the landlord—"I *see'd* you tip me the wink, and you *see'd* me return it. Why, Bess, what the devil is become of the *clarrut*? sure I brought it in: but one rings here, another there, that one does not know what one says or does. Do step to the bar for it, Bess."

"The receipt!" cried Brian.

"Surely your Honour don't take in earnest what was only meant as a joke?"

"I have taken it in its true light," replied

plied Brian, "and will never set foot in your house again."

"As your Honour pleases for that—you may go farther, and fare worse. I'll bring the receipt immediately."

Whilst he was writing it, Mrs. Fisher and the landlady exerted themselves to make Brian drink, and pass the whole affair over as a joke; but he only hummed a tune. After the business was settled, Brian told Mrs. Fisher that he was going to her house to remove his luggage; and as she might probably wish to see what he took away, she might accompany him in a hackney-coach, which he desired to be called. She replied, that she had not the least doubt of his honour; but as he seemed to wish her to go, she would accompany him. On the road, she tried all her arts, even to tears, to make him  
change

change his mind ; but finding that he was proof against them, and ordered his trunks into the coach, she pursued him to the door, with loud peals of laughter. He drove away to meet Verjuice, who enjoyed heartily the success of his scheme, which had thus opened his friend's eyes.

Brian thanked him for having warned him of this shoal, and expressed a desire to get a lodging before night.

" If you are willing to lodge under the same roof with me," said Verjuice, " I believe that you can be accommodated ; and I assure you, that I would not make such a proposal, if I had not a better opinion of you than of any man I have ever yet seen ; for, to avoid impertinent intrusion, I have never entrusted the secret of my abode to any one."

Brian thanked him for his good opi-

nion, and accepted his offer. They got into the coach, and the coachman, after he had received his directions from Verjuice, drove off.

The coach stopped on the outskirts of Mary-le-bone, before a small neat house, surrounded by a garden. Verjuice alighted, and desired Brian to remain in the coach till he had apprised the lady of the house of his having brought a visitant; and, after a lapse of about five minutes, he returned, with an elderly genteel woman, who still bore the impression of much youthful beauty, and better days. On approaching the coach-door, she told Brian that she should be very happy to accommodate any friend of Mr. Verjuice, but that the smallness of her house would only admit of her giving up a bed-room entirely, with the use of the common sitting-parlour.

ting-parlour. Brian replied, that he should be perfectly satisfied with this accommodation: and preliminaries being thus adjusted, the coachman was discharged.

Mrs. Marsden shewed Brian a very pleasant well-furnished bed-chamber; and the terms which she asked were very moderate. Verjuice desired her for once to order supper in his own apartment, to which he retired with Brian, who was rather surprised at the manner in which the house was furnished: every article was excessively genteel, not to say elegant, and in plenty; and Brian told his friend, that he enjoyed a *paradise* within the bounds of an immense city.

“ I have given this house,” replied Verjuice, “ to the lady whom you have seen, on condition of holding my own

two rooms for life, and of her taking every kind of trouble off my hands. She is likewise to admit no other lodger, nor even a visitor, who may entertain any prying curiosity into my concerns: not that I have any secrets at present worth their knowing, or my concealing; but I have long chosen to laugh at the world, without holding any particular acquaintance with it. You are the only person who have, for years, tempted me to break through my usual reserve: I could perceive that you had received the benefit of a good education, although I have never known the advantage of even a common one. From the first moment that I saw you in the company of Glare and Burnish, I imagined that you were to be their prey, and I wished to rescue you from their clutches: it was with this view that

that I accepted their invitation, such as it was, to sup with men whom I despised; I closed with their proposal of cards, to discover whether you were really their bubble, or a *draw* for them; in which latter case I would have been satisfied with the loss of a few guineas, and you never would have known any more of me. The result convinced me, that you were, as yet, unhackneyed in their practices, and I met your invitation to a further acquaintance. I now owe you perhaps my life, and will, -if it be agreeable to you, give you a convincing proof of my prepossession in your favour and gratitude, by making you acquainted with the outlines of my life, which I may do in the interval before supper: the narrative may enlighten you, with respect to your own future conduct in life."



Brian thanked him for this token of his confidence, which he should gladly accept, and hoped he should never prove ungrateful for it.

Verjuice then began his history, as follows.

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## CHAP. VI.

### *History of Mr. Verjuice.*

“ I WAS left to the care of the parish of ———, in the East Riding of York, as both my parents, who were only labouring people, died when I was a child: I have no other reason; therefore, to boast of my ancestry, except that I have heard them spoken of as very industrious honest people, and perhaps those are the most reasonable grounds on which we can be proud of our ancestors. When I was quite a lad, I was taken from the

workhouse, to serve as an under-helper in the stables of Sir David Whiphand, who was as ignorant as myself, excepting in those matters which related to racing, hunting, and cocking. In his stables, then (for I was seldom admitted farther, always sleeping under the mangers or in the hay-lofts), I imbibed my first knowledge of mankind, which I afterwards turned to a good advantage. The head-helper taught me, that we must look upon our master, as he regarded the foxes in his neighbourhood, as fair game, and join together to run him down. He never failed to enforce this theory by the following kind of practice, whenever the Baronet had rode a hard day's chace : ' D—n it, Joe,' he would say, ' the horses are in a sad plight, and we must have double doses. Run to the housekeeper with

with our bottle, for a little brandy to rinse out the horses' mouths; take the can too, and get some strong beer from the butler, to make a mash; any of the maids will give thee a little sugar, and thou canst crib a couple of eggs from the poultry-yard; bring a crust of bread and cheese for a snack; and, by the time we have tipp'd off our flip, the horses will be dry enow to clean, and we shall be fit for work—Look sharp now.'

"I was so much with the horses, that a kind of intimacy sprang up between us; and my attention to them could not escape the notice of my master, whose chief delight they were. A book of farriery, which I borrowed from one of the grooms, instructed me in the principal anatomical points of that noble animal; and I easily got by rote such technical

phrases as blood, bone, strength, courage, fire, speed, &c.

“ Emulation now began to inspire me with a longing to rank among the grooms; and it was not long before I was gratified. My master had made a match for a considerable sum, at the ensuing Doncaster races, and none of the grooms were of sufficiently light weight for his purpose: my size suited exactly, but I was unskilled in the manœuvres of the turf: I was, however, taken into training and sweating, and exercised the horse so much to the Baronet’s satisfaction, that he determined to venture on me; probably the rather, because, from my ignorance, he thought himself secured against my selling him. From the moment that the point was settled, I never left the horse which I was to ride; and we came on the ground,  
panting

panting equally, I believe, for victory. My master kept me constantly in sight till the signal was given to start, to prevent the opposite party from *feeling* for me; but I verily believe, so anxious was my desire for fame, that I should have refused a bribe of a purse of guineas, although I had never had one in my hand in my life. Mine and the horse's efforts were successful; and I shall never forget how my heart expanded, when, on jumping out of the saddle, my master shook me by the hand, swore I was a d—d clever lad, and clapped a couple of guineas into my hand, to drink his health.

“ I was now placed above my former master, the head-helper, who was ordered to do whatever I bade him; and, having plenty of leisure time, I studied the distinction between distances, hands, stones,

catch-weight, give and take, and whim plates, post and handicap matches. My master being also very fond of cocking, to ingratiate myself with him, I studied the whole arts of breeding, feeding, and pitting. I was now allowed the run of the house, and a good bed, instead of my litter one; and was upon familiar terms with my master, who, perceiving the rapid progress I made in those *arts and sciences*, which alone he deemed useful or honourable to mankind, never attended any races or sporting-matches, without taking me with him. My wages were settled at twenty guineas a-year, besides clothes, and an allowance of five per cent. on the amount of every match I should win.

“ I had no idea of greater happiness than I at present enjoyed, until the piercing

cing dark eyes of one of the female servants, which were often cast on me, and as often withdrawn in swimming confusion, whenever I caught their glances, made me feel that Nature had intended me for some other employment besides rearing colts and chickens. As we were both mere children of Nature, undebauched by the arts arising from birth, rank, and fortune, we soon came to a mutual explanation, and agreement of uniting, so soon as we should have saved money enough to enable us to take a farm, or public-house, in the neighbourhood. In the meantime, we indulged ourselves in all the innocent freedoms of a pure attachment; and I made no less sure of having her hand, than of receiving happiness along with it—But she was mere woman.

“I perceived,



“ I perceived, by degrees, that she began to repulse me, when I attempted a repetition of our usual freedoms; and I thought that she assumed airs of consequence. As this behaviour encreased, I went through all the gradations of anxiety, grief, despair, and mortification; in turns, I begged, entreated, flattered, railed, raved, cursed and swore at her: my situation appeared to make her relent, as she really loved me; but ambition finally steeled her heart against all the pangs of mine.

“ So well, however, did she manage her cards, that I had no idea of the game she was playing, till the Baronet one day called me aside, and, after praising me as a most valuable servant, informed me, that he was sorry to be necessitated to part with me, but such was the case. As I  
was

was too much astonished to be able to return any answer, he added, that he was well aware of my attachment to a certain female in his family, and not having been able to avoid seeing her in the same light as I had done, he had, that very morning, made her *his wife*, which would account for the necessity of our parting.

“ My eyes were now opened to the cause of Betty Duster’s treachery ; and as I had as little inclination to obey the future commands of Lady Betty, as she had to blush at laying them upon a man with whom she had been upon such familiar terms, I immediately quitted my situation. To soften my disappointment, Sir David presented me with a bank-note for two hundred pounds, and gave me such an excellent written character, that I should not have long wanted a place,  
if

if I had wished for one ; but I now began to look higher, and giving myself credit for sufficient knowledge to start upon my own bottom as a sporting gentleman, I hastened up to London, on the outside of the coach.

“ On my arrival, I clothed myself fashionably, bought a hack, and introduced myself into all the second-rate gaming-houses, the tennis-courts, and cockpits: but, for fear that my finances should run out faster than I could recruit them, I took up my abode in a garret, for which I paid two shillings a-week, and lived with the utmost frugality.

“ For a while, I had no other guide in laying my bets, than my own little skill in physiognomy: those faces which were branded with design and suspicion, I marked down for *rooks*; whilst those  
which

which were open and frank, I set down as the characteristics of those children of ease, affluence, and credulity, the *pigeons*. Trusting to these indices, and siding with the former against the latter, I seldom lost; and scarce a night elapsed without my adding somewhat to my little capital.

“ My life was as different as day and night: diving into some cellar to take my cheap pennyworths, and retreating to my garret, when the fatigues of a gambling life made rest indispensable, I appeared in public as a man of fortune and fashion; and although it was strongly suspected that I had no other mode of supporting myself than gaming, yet as I dressed well, paid my debts of honour, and spent my money freely, whenever I indulged, which was very seldom, in coffee-house dinners or suppers, I was countenanced

tenanced by, and intimate with several persons of fashion, nay, noblemen."

"I beg pardon for interrupting you," said Brian; "but, utterly devoid of education as you were, and having so lately emerged from the stables, I cannot conceive, not only how you could muster sufficient courage, but how you could manage to pass yourself off as a gentleman in such company."

"You know nothing yet of high life, I perceive," replied Verjuice, smiling—"I had no occasion to aim at raising myself to the manners of the nobility, as they had sunk down to that of my former situation; as they assumed the language and manners of grooms and mail-coach drivers, what was only affectation in them, was nature in me. Numbers of them were no better bred than myself, and all their  
little

little learning was of the same stamp: the only necessary attainment, was an ease not to be ruffled, and an effrontery not to be shaken. To be polished, in the present age, one needs only to be *knowing*, or to appear so."

"I thank you for this explanation," rejoined Brian; "and, from the very slight experience I have had of fashionable life, I perfectly agree with you.—Have the goodness to proceed."

"A deep scheme was, however, laid by the *family-men*, to make me refund my winnings with interest; as they always attack those professed gamesters, who venture to act independently of them. One of the most adroit was picked out, to insinuate himself into my good opinion, and to lead me as a victim to the altar: indeed they are all adroit; but,

but, as you will readily guess, some are more so than others, as in every situation of life. The true-bred gamester must be possessed of the following natural or acquired properties: he must have an eye, sharp as a hawk's, to catch instantaneously the minutest errors that others may commit, and to turn them as quickly to his advantage; he must have a more than ordinary presence of mind, to enable him to recover any *faux pas* made by himself, or to profit by that of others; he must have the nice hand of a surgeon, to fit him for performing any operation; his countenance must be ingrained, to conceal shame or disappointment; and he must possess courage enow, or the affectation of it, to face out detection. One of the best skilled in the art of dissimulation was set to work upon me, and by

by entering into conversation whenever he met me, putting me on my guard against certain characters, and joining me in bets which were generally successful, I was insensibly drawn deeper into the snare.

“ He made many attempts to sound the depth of my purse ; but there I was always upon my guard against him, being ashamed to confess on how small a capital I supported the figure which I made in public. Being therefore unable to ascertain to what extent he might expect to bubble me, and afraid perhaps of startling me, by setting off with too high a demand, he told me one day, that he would let me into a good thing, as equal sharers, if I could bring about three hundred pounds with me, just to make a show at first, as he had one of the finest *flats* in



in the world in training, and I should be sure to carry off treble that sum with ease. As his demand did not amount to quite one half of my present capital, I agreed, after some little hesitation, and repaired with the money to the rendezvous.

“ The pretended flat, who was a *draw*, was introduced, and we won five hundred pounds from him before midnight. We then left off, just to take our supper; and my friend tipped me the wink to encourage the circulation of the glass, in order to intoxicate the flat. Whether any drug was mixed with the liquor I know not, but I was soon insensible to everything that passed afterwards.

“ In the morning, as I had been put to bed in the house, I was roused by my friend, who, in a feigned phrenzy of passion,

sion, exclaimed, that I had ruined both him and myself, because I would insist on playing; and had not only lost all his winnings, but the whole of our stock. As I lay like one thunderstruck, and was incapable of making any answer, he resumed his discourse in a gentler tone, by bidding me not to despair, as we were still sure to make the bubble, who was impatient to renew the contest, refund his winnings with ample interest, if I could but bring another brace of hundreds into play, and resolve to keep sober.

“ If my eyes were not opened to the trick, yet my suspicions began to awake, and I resolutely refused to have any more to do with any partnership-affair; upon which he left me, heartily cursing my headstrong folly.

“ I had now experienced such checks  
from

from love, friendship, and wine, that I resolved to discard them for ever, and to concentrate all my happiness and efforts within myself. I resumed, with encreasing perseverance, my former isolated plan of proceeding; and, by the utmost stretch of frugality, I soon found my stock encreased to one thousand five hundred pounds. Having opened an account with one of the principal banking-houses, to give myself greater credit, I now ventured into B——s's and W——'s, in St. James's-street, and joined in the first circles, till I imagined that years, and a difference of manners and dress, had placed me beyond the knowledge of those who had seen me in my former humble capacity. I then visited all the race-grounds, and had the satisfaction of entering into conversation even with  
some

some of my former fellow-servants, without being recognized by them. As I associated with them, and treated them freely, and was besides pretty well versed in all the turf-manœuvres, I wormed myself into many lucrative secrets, and found this to be my surest hit. To ensure myself a favourable reception, I never set out on any expedition, without purchasing an additional hack, and hiring a servant; the former of which I sold, and the latter discharged, so soon as I returned to London, and to my usual economical mode of living.

“ At the end of about six years, I had amassed a property of about ten thousand pounds, which I placed in the funds, with a determination that nothing should induce me to break in upon the capital; and I never found a temptation to do it,

as my prudence encreased with my fortune.

“About this period, one of the strangest adventures befel me. I went to Epsom races, attended by two hired servants, in handsome new liveries; and as I cast my eyes about, to discover, by my skill in physiognomy, proper persons to bet with, I was suddenly struck with the sight of my old master, Sir David Whiphand, seated in a curricule with Lady Betty, who was dressed in the highest style of fashion. To one of the handsomest faces in the world, she had now added the ease and confidence of the *haut ton*, and no small share of the graces. I felt, by the fluttering of my heart, that my former flame had been only damped, not extinguished; but, gracious Heavens! how it leaped, when I perceived that she had fixed her

eyes on me ! She gazed eagerly and unblushingly ; although the idea that she might recollect me, crimsoned all my face. I was so awkward and confused, that, without being conscious of what I was doing, I made her a slight bow, which she returned by a nod and a look, expressive, as I thought, of wishing to say somewhat to me. She then turned her head round towards her husband, as if afraid of his perceiving her attention to me ; but he was too busily engaged with the blacklegs, to take the least notice of her.

“ I drew nearer by degrees, and started, when I first caught Sir David's eye ; but I resumed a little more ease, when he exhibited not the least symptom of retaining any knowledge of my person ; I was even emboldened to propose a

trifling bet to him, which he accepted; and, upon the strength of it, I placed myself on the side next to Lady Betty, and entered into conversation with her on indifferent subjects. I lost my bet, and paid it immediately to Sir David, who appeared much elated with the success of the day.

“ In the course of conversation, Lady Betty contrived to drop, that they were to dine at one of the inns in Epsom that day, in such a manner as gave me to understand that she should expect to see me there. I gave her a nod of intelligence; and, to avoid the suspicion of Sir David, I removed to a little distance: but I had wholly forgot the business that brought me thither, and had no eyes, no senses, but for Lady Betty.

“ I was at length roused from my almost

most incessant contemplation of her charms, by a turf-acquaintance, who asked me jocularly, if I was caught in the snare of Lady Betty Whiphand?—I confessed that I thought her the handsomest woman I had ever seen in my life; and in order to learn what was her public character, I asked who she was, as if I had never heard her mentioned before.

‘ I wonder you know nothing of her,’ replied my acquaintance, ‘ as she has, for some time past, visited all public places with her husband. She once moved in the humble sphere of one of his domestics; but she had no sooner *legally* ascended her master’s bed, than she began to give symptoms of a soul far superior to her former servile state. Sir David was too well aware of the licentiousness of women in general, and of



women in particular, in this *improving* age, not to wish to keep his charming wife from imitating such examples: his sole aim was to keep her ignorant of the *vanities* of life, as he termed them; but she panted to figure in new scenes, reproached him with ill-founded jealousy, as the cause of secluding her from the world, and teased him, till, with the utmost reluctance, he consented to introduce her into the world. The spark of fashion fell upon tinder, and Lady Betty made such rapid progress in the jargon and etiquette of high life, as made her husband tremble: so violent was her passion for making new conquests, that she had scarcely a moment's rest; night and day she was studying to vary the decorations of her person, to render it more conspicuously attractive, as if it were not  
already

already sufficiently alluring, and to distinguish herself from all the rest of her sex. Whenever she drew the gazing multitude around her, then, and not till then, did she appear tolerably easy; and she played off a thousand airs and graces, without which personal beauties “*fade in the eye, and pall upon the sense,*” to fix them in her train. At first, Sir David remonstrated with her on the freedom of her conduct; from remonstrances he came to reproaches, and reproaches brought on quarrels: neither remonstrances, reproaches, nor quarrels, could deter, or reclaim her Ladyship; and Sir David was at length obliged to give way, and let her take her full swing, to avoid the effects of her dislike and resentment. They are now become one of the most fashionable couples living.’

‘Has she many admirers at present? Does she encourage them?’ said I.

‘She has crowds of admirers,’ was the reply; ‘but nothing has transpired for certain, that she gives them any thing more substantial than hopes.’

“My passion was now inflamed by curiosity, to know whether her Ladyship had recognised me, or was only playing off her coquettish arts on me, to encrease her train: I was determined to be satisfied, and kept my eye on her till the carricle left the ground, when I followed it at a distance. I observed her turn round, and on beholding me, her face beamed with a smile of pleasure and satisfaction. I was encouraged, and resolved to encounter all risks to speak to her in private.

“I alighted at the same inn, which  
was

was so thronged with company, that a private room could not be had for any price. I rejoiced at the circumstance, and drawing near to Lady Betty, I obtained the next seat to her, by dint of perseverance and no little pushing.

“ We scarcely spoke during dinner-time, but we exchanged glances; and hers were the softest, sweetest, and, I may add, the tenderest, that were ever cast on the happiest lover. I repaid them in the like coin; and shewed her the most pointed attention, by helping her to something from every dish within my reach.

“ Soon after dinner, the ladies withdrew into the garden; and those gentlemen who preferred the pleasures of their conversation to drinking, shortly followed them. I observed with pleasure, that

Sir David was not of this number; and hastening into the garden, Lady Betty soon gave me an opportunity of singling her out. She advanced towards me with a languishing smile, and told me that she was happy to meet me again; adding, with a sigh, that she had long lamented our separation.

‘Have you recognised me then?’

‘Yes; lovers are lynx-eyed; and your image is too deeply impressed on my heart, to be ever erased. There are now some hopes of returning happiness—a blessing to which I have been wholly a stranger, ever since our separation.’

“I felt myself pleased to believe that I could have made her happy, though Sir David had failed, if she had given her hand to me: I appeared, however, to doubt her sincerity; and a few tears  
dropped

dropped from her eyes, to vouch for it. She wiped them away, and strove to conceal them from the company which crossed the walk; but she appeared desirous that I should see them, as she turned her face towards me. It is impossible for me to describe what I felt at seeing those beautiful eyes swimming in tears; I longed to give ease to her throbbing bosom, at the same time that I enjoyed her disquietude, from the remembrance of her desertion of me. My sensations, for a time, rendered me unable to speak—sighs burst from my overcharged heart; and they were echoed by those which she did not strive to suppress.

“ We were in this situation, when we heard Sir David’s voice near us, and presently discovered him, although he did not appear to have observed us. ‘ We

return to town to-night,' said Lady Betty hastily—'I wish to communicate something to you. Can you meet me to-morrow evening at seven, in Kensington Gardens?'—I had just time to answer—'I will most undoubtedly,' and to press her hand, before she flew from me; and I walked off the opposite way.

"I hastened to the appointment, and found her arrived before me. Her eyes at first seemed to reproach me with tardiness, but she received me with such an appearance of real satisfaction and joy, that I was charmed to see her as kind as I had ever known her, and only perhaps restrained from giving me every proof of her love, by the recollection of her detested marriage: she assured me that it was the cause of all the misery she endured—misery which would never end  
but

but with her life, or the dissolution of her unfortunate bands—‘ Were I but at liberty,’ continued she, ‘ I would give myself to you for ever ; but perhaps you are engaged to some other female, and I can never expect to taste tranquillity again.’

“ I interrupted her, to assure her that I had never been able to engage my heart to any other of her sex ; and that I only wished she was as much at liberty as myself, that I might take her to my arms.

“ A torrent of tears rushed from her eyes, and she lamented her ambition and folly in such pathetic terms, as pierced my soul. I was, however, delighted with this retaliation upon Sir David, who had so ungenerously supplanted me ; I exerted all the eloquence I was master of  
to



to soothe her, and so far succeeded, that she raised her drooping head, and dried her weeping eyes, which were directed towards me with all that love and tenderness, that had given me the highest delight when she first confessed her attachment to me. She thanked me in the warmest terms, for the generosity with which I overlooked the injury I had received from her, and entreated me to see her sometimes. Charmed by her condescension, I could not forbear clasping her in my arms, and pressing her throbbing bosom to mine. We continued thus for a time entranced, till, lifting up her eyes, which had assumed a melting languor, she murmured out, in broken, touching accents, ' Have you forgiven me, my dear Joseph? for mine you will, you must

must be. Tell me that you still love me, and that you will see me whenever I can give my tyrant the slip.'

"Where is the man, thus tempted by the woman he adores, to forget every moral, every social virtue, to forget even himself, and all the world but her, who could have refrained from assuring her that he would be entirely at her disposal?

I was inflamed to a higher pitch, and entreated her not to let the present opportunity slip, without giving me unequivocal proofs of her love. Silence gave consent; and I led her, '*nothing loth*,' to a convenient house in St. Martin's-lane, where we revelled in guilty pleasures; but the sting was not far behind. Whether Sir David had observed any thing that had passed between us on the race-ground, or in the garden of the inn

in

in particular, or he was actuated by a general jealousy of his wife's conduct, he had caused her to be strictly watched, and burst in upon us with two or three followers, when we were the least apprehensive of, and prepared against such a surprise. As our situation had furnished him with every thing that he wanted, he retired with his followers, without uttering a word. Lady Betty and myself were for some time unable to speak; but at last resuming her tongue and her fortitude, she said that she did not mind it, as she should be as glad of a divorce as Sir David could possibly be; and if that should be the worst of it, she should be more than compensated by a continuance of my attachment to her.

“As there was no probability of her being received at home again, I was under  
der

der the necessity of taking her home with me; and being afraid of having an action commenced against me for damages, I purchased this house with all expedition, and removed to it with the utmost privacy. For the same reason, I gave up my attendance on all those public places, where I stood the least chance of being recognized by the injured Baronet, and buried myself with Lady Betty, who is that very person to whom I have just introduced you, and who assumed the name of Marsden. Sir David obtained a divorce; and as there was no marriage-settlement, his wife was left without a shilling.

“When we heard, some years since, that Sir David was dead, being heartily tired of seclusion, I entered the world again, and resumed my former pursuits; but  
more

more as an object of amusement than of profit. Having more wealth than I make use of, and no relations, I have given up making a prey of the world, for the more innocent pastime of making sport of it. However, I am no misanthrope, and feel that I should experience a great degree of additional happiness, in the acquirement of an intelligent confidential friend of my own sex, whose inclination may be somewhat congenial to my own: I have cast my eye upon you; I do not wish you to leave the world, but to encrease our mutual enjoyment of it, by making our pursuits and remarks together. If the proposal suit you, I shall make your fortune my aim; and will support you, whether you wish to follow your present pursuits, or to enter into any other line of life."

Brian

Brian replied, that being now an out-cast from the world, nothing could be more agreeable to him than the offer of such disinterested friendship ; and that he would revolve in his own mind first, and then submit to his advice, some plan for his future conduct.

Supper was soon afterwards served up, and they retired to rest, at an early hour.

## CHAP. VII.

*The Despair of hopeless Love—A Dialogue in high Life—The natural Awkwardness and Timidity of a first Appearance in the higher Circles—The Proverb verified, “One Half of the World does not know how the other Half lives.”*

BRIAN'S couch was not like that modern “bed of roses,” which seems to benumb and stupify all the faculties of those who repose upon it; they are continually dozing and dreaming, in spite of all the weighty cares which hang upon, or ought to hang upon their minds; but balmy  
sleep

sleep fled from the eyes of Brian : a virtuous education, the effects of which are seldom eradicated in the most libertine bosom, and still more, an ardent desire to regain the good opinion of the Hewson family, made him wish to return to the paths of virtue ; and he resolved to be previously assured, that all hopes of a reconciliation with them were over, before he would come to a conclusion.

Having acquainted Verjuice with his intention, he went the next day into the neighbourhood of Mr. Hewson's, and discovered that Edward Hewson had recovered from his wound, and soon after returned to the Continent. Brian then went to a coffee-house, and wrote to Mr. Hewson to the following purport :— That he was overjoyed to hear of his son's recovery, and that he did not entertain



tertain the slightest doubt of his having done him the justice to say, that he himself had led him into those pursuits which had ended so disastrously, and had acquitted him of the least knowledge of the duel. He hoped, therefore, that Mr. Hewson would reverse, or at least mitigate his harsh decree against him, and restore him to the affection of his once-fond parent, and his own good opinion ; a continuance of which he hoped to merit, by his future conduct.

Having dispatched this epistle by a messenger, he awaited the result with an impatience indescribable. After a lapse of half an hour, the messenger returned with a note ; and Brian broke the seal, with a trembling hand. It contained to the purport, that Edward Hewson had indeed confessed his having drawn his  
friend

friend into his vicious courses, and absolutely exculpated him from all knowledge of his duel: that, at his son's most earnest entreaty, he had even consented to enquire into his present pursuits, in hopes of finding a contrition for past follies; but had sorrowfully discovered that he lived publicly with a mistress, and that his other pursuits bespoke not those sentiments which he should have been happy to have found in him, and which might have entitled him to his pity and returning esteem: he had even acquainted his old friend with his son's confession, and had concealed from him the result of his later enquiries, sincerely hoping that Brian would yet resume such pursuits, as might be comfortable to the declining age of his father, and honourable to himself; but, after what had passed, it could never  
be

Le expected that he could receive him within his doors, or even maintain any further correspondence with him. He hoped that he retained too much honour, ever to make any attempt to disturb the repose of his daughter; which, however, would be fruitless, as she was at that moment standing by him, and perfectly coincided in what he had written.

Brian now sank into a gloomy and sullen despair, as, from the rigidity of Mr. Hewson's morals, and his well-known pertinacity to his determination once fixed, the die was cast. Returning to his friend Verjuice, he concealed nothing from him; and told him, that as his once-dearest prospects were now vanished, he had only to look to his future support; and being released from all constraints as to the ways and means, would

would submit himself wholly to his guidance, whom he now looked upon as his only friend.

"Then make yourself easy," said Verjuice; "it must be your own fault, if you are not soon in fortune's way. Our first step will be to learn somewhat of *town*, or *life in London*, which, as I believe you to be as apt a scholar as, I flatter myself, I am qualified to be a master, you may soon attain, and then you may walk by yourself. But now, as a necessary preliminary, let me ask you whether you know any thing of the long shuffle, the slip, the bridge, or the palm? Can you cog a die, or throw a main, when you please? Did you ever plumb the bones, alias load the doctors?"

"I am really, Sir, a total stranger even

to the terms, so that the practice is quite out of the question."

"How then could you think of venturing into *genteel company*, without a knowledge of the elementary principles of the profession? Mark me, I shall teach you all these manoeuvres; not that you should practise them, but that you may be on your guard against, and be able to detect them. I am well assured that you have too much honour to make any other use of the secrets which I am going to disclose to you."

Besides teaching all the tricks practised on cards, dice, and at E O tables, some days were wholly taken up by Verjuice, in instilling into his pupil a knowledge of the ways of *town*, and of the leading characters, with which Verjuice was well acquainted,

acquainted, having only dropped their pursuits, not their acquaintance; in short, from his long practice and success in the profession, the *knowing* ones always dignified him with the title of *Father*—"The whole art," said Verjuice, "of being respected in the profession you are about to follow, consists in *keeping up appearances*. To appear *knowing* where you are really not so, there needs only to be mysterious; speak unintelligibly, in monosyllables or broken sentences. As you cannot *flash* your birth and estates, let your purse speak for you on those occasions. Take the following example for your rule:—A gentleman on the race-ground once offered a bet to a very considerable amount, which was accepted by the famous Colonel O'Kelly. The gentleman asked how Mr.

O'Kelly was to answer such an amount, if he should prove unsuccessful, and where lay his estates?—' My *estates!*' cried O'Kelly—' Oh, by J——! if that's what you mean, I believe I've a map of them in my pocket.' Then producing his pocket-book, he pulled out *bank-notes* to ten times the amount of the bet proposed; and, in the end, had the pleasure of making the enquirer add considerably to their sum total. As for your behaviour, act as if you yourself were thoroughly convinced of your own importance, and others will be ready enough to give you credit for it. Leave the rest to me; from my well-known science and responsibility, you will make an *entrée* under better auspices than most, if any young men have ever had the advantage of."

The

The first sally of the two friends was to *Lord's cricket-ground*, where a match for one thousand guineas a-side was advertised to be played—"You will understand," said Verjuice, as they walked to the spot, "that the match is *very often* merely *nominal*, to create attention, and draw the flats. One party hangs back, and the other takes bets; the party taking bets is allowed to win, the others accepting only to a small amount, as a *blind*; and the spoil generally affords not only the expences of a supper, but a handsome surplus for division. Make your observations, and act accordingly."

Brian profited so well by this advice, and his friend's hints on the ground, that he pocketed a trifle of thirty guineas.

After the play, the friends received an invitation to sup with the parties; but



Verjuice, drawing Brian aside, addressed him thus: " You have made a tolerable day's work, and some *greenhorns* would be tempted to follow up their success; and, by accepting the invitation of the parties to supper, and making too free with the wine, not only refund their winnings, but perhaps lose all the loose cash they may have at command. But as we are not altogether in the situation of needy gamblers, we have no occasion to push fortune to extremities: we can afford a dinner out of our winnings, and therefore we will resort to a coffee-house. Depend upon my losing no opportunity to aid you in your lucrative pursuits; but, at your leisure intervals, I expect you to be my partner in my *quixing* ones, especially as we may often make the one subservient to the other."

In

In the evening, the friends went to Covent-garden Theatre, where education and the bent of Nature were about to resume their sway; and Brian wished to drown in oblivion all thought of *fashionable* pursuits, by drinking of the pure stream of talent and genius. But though he had, for the present, quitted the pursuits of fashion, it seemed that they were to pursue him. As Verjuice had laid down the necessity of *keeping up appearances*, Brian had provided himself with a dress-suit; and his friend chose the lower tier of boxes for their lounge. The house was pretty full that night, and several doors were opened, without finding vacant seats. At length a box-keeper opened one, into which Verjuice peeped: it was not more than half occupied, but he was uncertain whether to withdraw or

not, when a lady, elegantly dressed, happened to turn her head, and familiarly beckoned to him with her fan, to take a seat behind her. Verjuice entered, and introduced his friend to the lady, whom he addressed as *Lady M'Lackland*, and who eyed our adventurer with a fashionable regard, that is to say, she stared him quite out of countenance. She then turned about, and patting Verjuice on the head with her fan, as a hint for a little private *confab*, the following dialogue passed between them, which, tho' perhaps not overheard by the other ladies, of whom there were three in the box, who conversed in their usual tone, that is, two keys higher than Verjuice's entertainer, was nevertheless audible enough to our adventurer.

*Lady*—"Well, you old fright! where  
have

have you been *eclipsed* so long? We gave you over for lost, little imagining that you would have the heart to absent yourself from us, unless you had received an irresistible call from the *lower regions*, and were gone to keep the opposite postern to that guarded by your twin-brother *Cerberus*. The neglect is the more provoking, as you reappear dressed like a *human being*, not, as usual, in the old cynical cut of *Diogenes's* time. What does it portend? Has love crazed your old gouty brain? and are you in pursuit of some damsel, at whose feet you are going to sigh out your last tooth?"

*Verjuice*—"It cannot be your Ladyship then, for your good nature is well known never to give any one time to sigh—'tis even granted before asked."

*Lady*—"Filthy fellow! you had better

have changed your manners than your dress."

*Verjuice*—"Would your Ladyship wish me in an *undress*?"

*Lady*—"Meroy forbid! Your dress only reminds one of the monuments in Westminster Abbey—the elegance of art enclosing corruption. How could I bear to see the *skeleton* displayed?"

*Verjuice*—"Consult your glass, the instant before stepping into bed."

*Lady*—"Oh, you monster!—I should cut acquaintance with you, but that you are a necessary kind of a creature, that—*A-propos*, who is that awkward boy in leading-strings?"

*Verjuice*—"Does your Ladyship wish me to be a *kind of a necessary creature* there?"

*Lady*—"Ridiculous idea!—But tell me,

me, old Gout and Rheum, is he a young fool of fortune?"

Verjuice—"He possesses youth, as you may see, and fortune, but not folly enough to mistake you for *two-and-twenty*."

Lady—"Malicious dotard!—But who is he?"

Verjuice—"Almost young enough to be your grandson—quite young enough to be your son-in-law."

Lady—"Brute! Either satisfy my curiosity, or never see my face again."

Verjuice—"I have never yet had that pleasure; I have indeed seen the weather-board of varnish."

Lady—"Scurvy Jack!—But say; are you going to dispose of *your friend* to the highest bidder, or by private contract?"

*Verjuice*—"Neither; so you need not bid."

*Lady*—"Oh, I understand you! He is a *greenhorn*, about to be launched upon the town, and you are to act in the capacity of his *travelling tutor*."

*Verjuice*—"In a word, he is *forbidden fruit*."

*Lady*—"I see *company* to-night."

*Verjuice*—"I knew that your Ladyship was a true daughter of old mother *Eve*, and that I should set you a longing. But really one would imagine that your *filly's* tooth had gone with the rest, and that the *Chevalier* had the credit, or rather that you had credit with him, for the whole set."

*Lady*—"You promise, however, that you will *both* come?"

*Verjuice*—"Yes; but your Ladyship knows

knows that I never am fool enough to pay for my entertainment."

*Lady*—"Oh, you mistake! you under-rate your own value! We pay as readily for a sight of you, as we do for that of the wild beasts in the Tower. You are *horribly* amusing, and almost as mischievously entertaining as a *chained baboon*."

*Verjuice*—"Or any other branch of *your Ladyship's family*."

The dialogue was here cut short by one of her Ladyship's female friends; and as it was the first *fashionable conversation* that Brian had ever heard, it no less surprised than entertained him. In the intervals between the acts, her Ladyship would frequently address herself to Verjuice, and two or three times made some trifling remarks to Brian, which he attempted to return with the ease, though

not



not the familiarity of his friend. He had not, however, attained to the art of disburthening himself of his natural bashfulness, and respect for the fair-sex; but he could perceive that he should not want for encouragement to lay them entirely aside.

When the entertainment was finished, her Ladyship patted Verjuice on the cheek with her fan; and paying the same sort of compliment to Brian's elbow, said — "Remember, I shall expect you *both*;" to which they bowed assent.

Verjuice and Brian went home in a hackney-coach, to prevent Mrs. Marsden from sitting up for them, and then drove to a coffee-house in Bond-street; Verjuice informing his friend, that the company would not begin to assemble at her Ladyship's, until the opera was ended, that

that is, between twelve and one o'clock. About the latter hour, they drove to her Ladyship's door in *St. James's-square*; where, on entering, our adventurer was no less surprised at the glare and magnificence which surrounded him, than at the little ceremony which was practised on their introduction. The lady of the house barely looked up from her employment at the *bank*, and gave them a nod and smile of recollection, without the least notice being taken of them by the rest of the company, any more than if they had entered into a common gaming-house, which in truth it very much resembled.

The inexperienced Brian, who dreaded the ceremony of a formal introduction, and the undergoing the scrutiny of all the company, felt himself much relieved  
by

by this *haut-ton* ease, which he determined to imitate as nearly as he could. Being a very good natural mimic, he presently acquired the easy loll on the backs of the chairs of the players, the familiar lounge from one table to the other, arm-in-arm with Verjuice; and even dared once or twice to look some of the ladies, whose eyes chanced to stray from their cards towards him, full in the face; but here he was obliged to yield to the superior fire of the ladies, or their longer acquaintance with the rules of *good breeding*.

Brian had not yet ventured a stake, when Lady M'Lackland, looking full at him, asked what sum he would set her on a card?

He fancied that all eyes were attracted towards him, blushed, grew confused, and stammered out—"Ten *pounds*, my Lady."

"Gold

"Gold you mean, of course, Sir," said her Ladyship; and the play went on.

Brian instantly conceived that he had made a *faux pas* at the very outset, by substituting the vulgar phrase *pounds*, in use on the east side of Temple-bar, for the more elegant one of *guineas*, practised on the western. He imagined that he had already betrayed his ignorance of *haut ton* to the whole company; but he was totally mistaken, as they paid not the least attention to what passed, except their own interest in the game. In his confusion, he looked round for Verjuice to support him, but he unfortunately stood at a distance, looking attentively over a whist-party.

Whilst our adventurer was almost wishing his friend at the devil, and himself beside him for company, he heard her  
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At the end of a game, a gentleman,  
 who was one of the party, rose from the  
 table and declared that he would no  
 longer sit there, paddling for a paltry ten-  
 guinea

guinea rubber, but would try his fortune at the *bank*.

A lady-player said—"Here is Verjuice, who will take his place."

"Surely," replied Verjuice, "*your Grace* would not think of putting me in the place of a so-much-younger man?"

"Poh!" rejoined her Grace—"any thing—a broomstick will do for a partner at cards!"

"I thank your Grace for the distinction," retorted Verjuice; "but if you are so much distressed for an *old Sir Simon*, you had better not have stirred from *home*."

"Odious remembrancer!" cried her Grace; and then directing a side-glance towards Brian, added—"Perhaps the gentleman at your side will be more complaisant?"

As

As this was the first time our adventurer had ever been addressed by a *Duchess*, even in this side-way, much less had received from one an invitation to be her partner at whist, he trembled so that his knees shook under him; and not daring to look at Verjuice for his approbation, he endeavoured to apologize for his little skill in the game; but finding that his tongue would serve him no better than his knees at this pinch, and that a stammering fit had come over him, he sank into the vacant seat, like one resolved to plunge into the depth of distress at once, rather than linger in tortures.

Whilst the first hand was dealing, he looked up at Verjuice, who gave him an encouraging smile; notwithstanding which, his hand trembled so that he could scarcely

scarcely sort his cards ; no wonder then that, in the course of playing them, he made a mistake ; and instantly felt his partner's foot pressing his toe, and saw her draw in her under lip, looking him at the same time full in the face. This circumstance did not add to his composure ; but he resolved to withdraw within himself as much as he could, and to attempt to forget all other distinctions of rank, than that of the *honours on the cards*.

At the end of the deal her Grace observed, that it would be vain to expect any luck that evening, as her partner seemed to be thinking of some favourite lady, rather than of his game.

Brian began stammering—" *Ma'am—your Ladyship—I beg pardon, your Grace,*" when he was interrupted by Verjuice,



juice, who judging of his extremity, interposed to take the fire from him; and observed, that as it was the first time his friend had ever enjoyed the felicity of beholding her Grace, it would be an ill compliment not to pay more attention to so much animated beauty, than to a parcel of paltry bits of pasteboard.

“ I have heard,” replied her Grace, “ that *Balaam* could not speak, and his *donkey* was obliged to answer for him.”

This unexpected retort so totally overcame every other feeling, that our adventurer burst out into an involuntary loud peal of laughter; and seeing the eyes of the company turned on him, he recollected that he had infringed an express *Chesterfieldian* rule; and thought that he must either renounce all pretensions to the character which he assumed, or come  
through

through it in a clean manner. Therefore, bowing to the Duchess, he observed that the similarity held good in both cases, as it was an *angel* that caused the miracle.

He had now the happiness of observing that his *maiden speech* in high life was extremely well received; and her Grace and himself received many compliments on their *jeux d'esprit*. Brian consulted Verjuice's face, as if to beg pardon for having chimed in against him; but he gave him a cheering nod.

Now that the ice was broken, Brian became more at his ease; but he nevertheless resolved to attend wholly to his game, that he might not run the risk of again committing himself; this he did so effectually, and was so well seconded by her Grace and a run of good cards, that,  
when

when the party broke up at daylight, they had won five rubbers.

As her Grace rose from the table, she approached our adventurer, and said to him, in a low tone of voice, " Well, Sir, I think we have done much better than we could have expected, considering that we were total strangers to each other's play; an advantage which our opponents enjoyed, in addition to that of not being *over-scrupulous*—you understand me?"

Brian was thunderstruck at this insinuation of *unfair play* among such company, and not knowing what to answer, he only *looked knowing*, and bowed profoundly, as if in deference to her Grace's better judgment, which is an excellent shift of saying much by nothing, where:

one,

one wishes to avoid, or is at a loss for saying any thing.

The company broke up with as little ceremony as they had met; but Brian was not yet to leave the house, without betraying another specimen of his ignorance of *haut ton*; for, on the servant's attending him to the door, he put his hand into his pocket, and gave him a crown. He saw him eye it in his hand, look at him, and going to Verjuice, who was behind, heard him say—"Sir, your friend, I presume, has made a small mistake—he has given me *silver*."

"Oh! a mistake undoubtedly!" replied Verjuice; "but you see he is a little flushed with wine. Here is a *guinea* for us both."

"What! another blunder!" said Brian, when they drove from the door.

“ A small one,” answered Verjuice—  
“ You must know, that the lady who keeps, or rather who is kept by this house, subsists chiefly on the profits of the gaming-tables, as her income is very small for the circle in which she moves. The mansion is, in another respect, much more convenient than you would surmise; for, if a lady happen to lose more than she dare to apply to her husband for, or can raise upon her jewels, in case they are not already pawned, she will oftentimes find another mode of paying the winner, if a male, without the least hazard of detection; as, though the happy man surmises who is his paymistress, every thing is conducted without a syllable being uttered on either side.”

“ Is it possible,” exclaimed Brian,  
“ that nobility can descend to convert  
their

their mansions into gaming-houses, and resorts for worse purposes?"

"Be assured of it," said Verjuice—"nay more, were not you, as winner, called upon to make a deposit under the candlestick?"

"Yes, and was at a loss to know the reason for it."

"Why, the expence of cards, dice, candles, &c. are all provided by the servants with their own money, and are their property, at the end of the night; in fact, they have no other wages than the presents which are made to them by the company, so that they look upon it as an affront to offer them any thing beneath *gold*; and you made a small blunder, which I rectified at the expence of truth and yourself, which you must excuse."

This explanation brought them home;  
and they retired to rest, and slept till  
noon.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VIII.

*An Excursion to Richmond:—A disagreeable Meeting, and an agreeable one—Anecdote of the D—— of Q———: The Malice of a deserted Mistress—A modern tête-à-tête—Advice from an old sporting Character to a young one.*

As Verjuice had not been used of late to nocturnal revels, he excused himself from going out of doors that day. Brian offered to keep him company; but Verjuice insisted on his standing upon no ceremony of the kind, as he could never



be at a loss for company, whilst Mrs. Marsden was in the same house with him —“ Let us be no constraint on each other,” added he—“ age requires rest, and youth exercise. The weather is fine —take your pleasure ; besides, the occurrences of the day may afford something for you to entertain me with at your return.”

Brian strolled to Hyde Park ; and as it was rather too early in the season for Kensington Gardens to be opened, he passed on to the gate at Knightsbridge, where seeing one of the short stage-coaches pass by, he instantly conceived a desire to behold that delightful spot *Richmond Hill*, of whose beauties he remembered the following luxuriant description of Thomson :—

Say,

Say, shall we ascend

Thy hill, delightful Sheen? Here let us sweep

The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye

Exulting swift to huge Augusta send;

Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain,

To lofty Harrow now, and now to where

Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow,

In lovely contrast to his glorious view,

Calmly magnificent: then will we turn

To where the silver Thames first rural grows;

There let the feasted eye unwearied stray,

Luxurious there rove through the pendant woods,

That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;

And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,

Here let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,

Far winding up to where the muses haunt,

To Twit'nam bow'rs, to Hampton's royal pile,

To Claremont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves:

Enchanting vale! beyond what'er the muse

Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!

O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!

On which the power of Cultivation lies,

And joys to see the wonder of his toil!

Heav'ns! what a goodly prospect swells around!

Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,

And glitt'ring towns, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!

Having stopped the coachman and entered the vehicle, he actually saluted the company, two gentlemen and a lady, before, to his great astonishment and no less chagrin, he discovered the identical persons of Mrs. Fisher, Glare, and Burnish, who appeared equally surprised at the unexpected meeting, and burst into a fit of laughter.

"What, my tight one! all alone!" cries Glare.

"Without your guardian!" exclaims Burnish.

"Really, gentlemen," answers Brian, "you are pleased to be facetious; but excuse me if I am too dull to discover where the wit of the joke lies."

"Poh! poh!" says Glare—"you were  
a devilish

a devilish high fellow before you fell in with that *old file* Verjuice, and now you affect to be as great an oddity as himself. Your toast then used to be—‘*May we never see an old friend with a new face!*’ but your *sentiment* is changed since.”

“Why, perhaps we gave him some reason to be shy of us,” continued Burnish; “as, at our last meeting, he might be afraid we were coming the borrowing rig over him.”

“Indeed,” said Brian, “I was *afraid* of no such thing; for, at no little expence, I had bought experience enough to know the wisdom of keeping my money in my own pocket.”

“It will be in vain then to ask you to accommodate us with a few pieces?”

“Quite so.”

“Well, well, be a good boy, and mind

what the old one says to you, and perhaps he may make you his heir. But, supposing you were to meet with a lady, your old friend Mrs. Fisher here, for instance, under a temporary inconvenience for a trifle—I suppose your determination against lending does not extend to that case?”

“To lending in every case.”

“Oh!” cries Mrs. Fisher, “I am not at this day to learn Mr. Bonnycastle’s generosity: he never *lends* to the ladies, he always makes *presents* to them.”

“I must indeed acknowledge, Ma’am,” retorted Brian, “that I have a little *stood flat* there; and perhaps should have done so still, if the ladies had thought it worth their while to practise their deceptions on me any longer.”

“Come, come,” cries Mrs. Fisher,  
“what

“ what the plague signifies *sulking*? We took you for a novice, but we found you too deep for us. Deception can now be of no use to either of us: there is my hand, let us be friends upon the square.”

“ Whenever we meet, Ma’am, as in the present instance, I shall always behave to you with that politeness which is due to your sex from mine.”

“ Perfectly polite, and as cool as a cucumber, Sir, upon my honour!—But we shall have the pleasure of your company to dine with us at Richmond?”

“ Excuse me, Ma’am—I have business.”

On their arrival at Richmond, Mrs. Fisher and her party renewed their solicitations for Brian to join them; but he was proof against them, and walked up the hill, to compare the scenery with Thomson’s description. *Many things,*

however, *happen between the cup and the lip*; and a far different entertainment awaited him. A lady, in an elegant *dis-habille*, advanced towards him, whom he recognized to be the Duchess of Fallowland, his whist-partner at Lady M'Lackland's: she accosted him without ceremony, as an old acquaintance, and proposed his taking a turn with her, if he were not better engaged; to which, replying that that was impossible, he *edgerly* assented.

The Duchess possessed youth, beauty, and a lively genius, improved by a better education than is usual to her sex, particularly in her sphere of life; her conversation was spirited and pointed, but rather romantic; her remarks were shrewd, just, but rather satirical, which, *suiting* with Brian's disposition, rendered them agreeable

agreeable companions—"Do you remark," said she, "that old gentleman, in a plain great-coat and large slouched hat, who is just alighted from his *vis-à-vis*, and is mounting on a black poney?"

"Yes, your Grace."

"Do you know him?"

"No."

"I have not been long enough in town to have a knowledge of many *leading characters*, as I guess him to be."

"You are not mistaken in your conjecture, Sir; it is the D—— of Q——, whom I presume you have heard mentioned, as famous for his attachment to our sex. He is said to be a veteran in amours, as in years; and indiscriminately lavish of his caresses, provided the objects be not too old and too ugly. I will relate to you an anecdote, out of the  
many



many which have sprung from his amorous adventures: A certain *lady-abbess* having promised to treat him with a *bonne-bouche* fresh from the country, his Grace was surprised at being introduced to an old acquaintance—"What! Eliza!" cried he (I suppose her Christian name was Elizabeth, but she had curtailed the unfashionable termination, on entering into a fashionable line of life), "I remember to have ruined you six months ago!"

"No indeed—your Grace is mistaken; for I *takes more ruination nor* ever your Grace thinks for."

After Brian's mirth on this humorous anecdote had subsided, her Grace continued thus: "The Duke is a memorable instance of the longevity of the passions, after the power of gratification has been  
long

long on the wane: variety now and then gives a zest to his sickly appetite, and his feeble frame is renovated with milk baths. A prey to his desires, he is always in pursuit of fresh prey for them; and as he is liberal in his presents, he is said to be often a dupe to designing women, who affect the dress, dialect, and manners of country girls, on purpose to entrap him. But he is by no means nice, and verifies the old French adage—*‘Tous les chats sont gris à la nuit.’*

In the course of the ramble, her Grace pointed out several other *fashionable curiosities*, characterising their leading pursuits and foibles, and instancing them with appropriate anecdotes. Brian passed the time so pleasantly, that he was no less proud than delighted at her Grace's proposal to eat a bit of dinner with her

at

at the *Star and Garter*, towards which they were bending their way, when they were met by Mrs. Fisher and her two companions, who were ascending the hill. Giving a vulgar stare as they approached, they had scarcely passed, when Glare and Burnish set up a loud laugh, and Mrs. Fisher exclaimed—"I swear, I wish there was a tax on all *traders*, provided that the married ones, under a certain degree, were obliged to take out a yearly licence, and pay double duty, and the *quality ones* according to the rank of their husbands."

Brian's indignation was kindled, and he looked at the Duchess, hoping she had not heard the exclamation; but she presently put him out of all doubt of it, by asking him if those *gentry* had the honour of being of his acquaintance?

Confused

Confused as he visibly was, he could not avoid acknowledging, that he had sometimes met the two gentlemen (if their behaviour could allow him to term them so), and looked upon them to be mere *men of the town*; and owning his having maintained an intimate acquaintance with the lady, which had been broken off by her rapacity. To take off her Grace's attention from the insult offered to herself, he then related, as ludicrously as he could, how he had been duped by Mrs. Fisher, and the scheme by which he had drawn her in to betray herself, and which had terminated in their final estrangement; for such he was determined it should be.

After a moment's thoughtfulness, her Grace said—"It is no matter—my reputation can never suffer from such creatures;

tures; and I have no doubt of being under the protection of a man of honour."

Brian instantly offered to oblige the *two gentlemen* to return, and apologize for the affront; but her Grace held them beneath notice, and thought the most prudent way would be to treat them as such.

An excellent dinner, and a couple of glasses of good wine, had just restored the Duchess to her former vivacity, when some company was heard to enter an adjoining room; the partition between them being only a temporary thin wainscotting, removeable at pleasure, to throw both apartments into one, for the convenience of entertaining large parties. Brian was thunderstruck, at distinguishing the voices of Mrs. Fisher's party; and the Duchess coloured, and put

put her fingers to her lips. Brian understood the hint, and conversed only in whispers, and by signs; but he was on thorns, lest something might come out in conversation, to lessen him in the eyes of the Duchess, with whom he began to entertain the vanity of hoping to be upon a good understanding, in the course of time.

After a while, they heard Mrs. Fisher say—"Well, may this glass be my poison, if he is not a pretty fellow, and deserves the notice of any woman, whatever difference there may be in birth or rank, which we all know to be rank nonsense in love-affairs: the man is all—the rest nothing. But I bear a mortal antipathy to all sly traders, and should like to hit upon some scheme of revenge upon her for spoiling our market, and upon

upon him for refusing my overtures; not that I care for the fellow—he used to *bleed freely* at one time, but he is got too knowing now. Suppose we were to give such a hint to the old Duke, as might lead to the discovery of a *crim. con.* business, and to a prosecution for damages? Would not this scheme pay the fellow off for his contempt of us?”

“A bright thought!” exclaimed Glare.

“Not the least danger,” added Burnish.

“It shall be done then,” continued Mrs. Fisher.

The Duchess's colour had progressively advanced towards the deepest crimson; and her companion's visage had now attained a similar hue, through the grossness of the inuendo, and indignation. He started involuntarily from his seat; but the Duchess catching him by the arm, whispered—

whispered—"Be cool—they have put me on my guard, and leave me alone to counteract their designs. I shall acquaint his Grace with my having passed part of the day in your company by mere chance, and my frankness will take off his suspicion, if he should be inclined to any, which I do not much suspect."

Her Grace's tranquillity restored Brian to his ease, and he even made some advances towards gallantry, which she did not much repel, but gave some hints of thinking it proper to know more of a person before she could be expected to bestow any marks of her confidence upon him.

Brian related to her the chief passages of his life, concealing only his present mode of subsistence, by pretending to be in possession of an independance, through the gift of a distant relation, which



which deception, whether pardonable or not in a point of morality, many of our readers perhaps would not scruple to play off in an affair of gallantry.

The remaining part of the conversation between Mrs. Fisher and her friends, which was overheard at intervals, consisted only of some *professional anecdotes* and *coups de main*, which would have tended rather to amuse than disturb the harmony of our *duo*, had they not been too much engaged with what was passing between themselves, to bestow much attention on any other subjects. At length they heard the waiter announce to Mrs. Fisher's party, that the stage was at the door; and they departed, but not till they had agreed to pass the night at a house under Covent-garden Piazzas, to which Mrs. Fisher undertook to invite  
one

one of her female friends, to make up a *parti quarré*.

Her Grace and Brian being thus released from their constraint, began to treat of certain matters, which we shall leave to our readers' imagination. Her Grace having stipulated for a monopoly of his attentions, and for a certain time of trial, intimated that, if she should be satisfied with him, he might perhaps be favoured with her confidence, which was all he could obtain for the present; and even this distant hope put him into high spirits.

It happened luckily for Brian, who was unprovided with any mode of reconveyance, that her Grace had herself made use of no other vehicle than a hackney-coach, longing to steal away from the insipidity of pomp, to the un-

restrained enjoyment of rural pleasures. She therefore offered Brian a seat, which he was happy to accept; and they separated at Hyde-park Corner, after a thousand renewals of the articles of their lately-concluded treaty.

Brian hastened to his friend Verjuice, to whom he related the adventures of the day, without the least concealment. Verjuice observed, that he was not so very ignorant, or inconsiderate of the passions of youth, as to exact from him a total abstinence, either from women, wine, or other pleasures; but having forewarned him, from his own example, of the danger of suffering oneself to become their slave, nothing remained but to advise him to make them all subservient to his designs. "The reputation of being on a good understanding with

with a woman of the Duchess's rank and figure, if you manage so circumspectly as to confine matters to mere conjecture, and afford no room for *eclat*, may gain you importance in the higher circles, particularly with the fair sex; but you know your own situation too well, to let any thing blind you to your own interest. I very well know the disposition of the Duchess; she is young, sentimental, romantic, and disinterested; and you may safely trust yourself in her hands: she would rather warn you against a snare, than lead you into one. I was glad to see that she somewhat noticed you last night, and I am not in the least surprised at her behaviour towards you to-day. Her reputation is sound in the world, as she has, in every instance but one, behaved with the greatest circum-

spection and reserve, even to her most familiar female acquaintance. The Duke himself is not of a jealous disposition, and consequently not inclined to suspicion; but if you should be indiscreet, his honour will oblige him to open his eyes, and crush you with all the weight of his power: you will have, therefore, only to enjoy your good fortune with circumspection. As a guide for your conduct, I will give you a sketch of her history, and of the principal personages with whom she has been acquainted, which will sufficiently put you upon your guard against all who might endeavour to entrap you."

END OF VOL. I.

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Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-street.

# WORKS

Printed at the Minerva Press,

*With the Reviewers' Opinion.*

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comes

## *New Works, &c. continued.*

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comes very forward in the story, and secures the esteem and admiration of the reader by actions well calculated to command it, is, in every respect, a very happily-drawn character, evincing, in the progress of the action of the story, the purest generosity and utmost bravery, accompanied by the most unaffected sensibility; at the same time that he is a rare pattern of filial piety.

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*Gentleman's Magazine, March, 1809.*

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